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No. 198.

FEEDING THE SPARROWS.

BY ALLAN DEANE.

Each morn when smiling comes the sun,
Or somber clouds brood chill and low,
Full laden with a weight of snow,
The earth shall bear ere day is done;
When leafless stretch the copse and wold,
And high upon the lone some hills
The keen winds blow with sound that thrills—
The year's loud anthem grandly rolled;
Each morn, by tender instinct sped,
In troops that, cheery, chirp and soar,
I see about my cottage door
The sparrows waiting to be fed.
A merry brown throat feathered crew,
Sagacious 'spite their roguish eyes,
Wise with a sense that underlies
The wildest deeds they seem to do.
Replete with trust that never fails
Though hunger pinch and nests be cold,
As glad a song though Winter fold
In May's sweet place the winding vales.
"Here, pets!" The lithe wings flash and whirl;
The tawny bills are opened wide;
And scattering crumbs from side to side,
I watch the pleasant happy stir,
And ponder well Faith's lessons taught,
Didst thou not their worth to take,
Remembering 'tis by such we make
Life's rugged road with heavy freight.
Time's trials better understood
The while all work day care and care
Grows into blessing when, with prayer,
Love-prompted, we murmur: "God is good!"

Gentleman George:

OR,
PARLORE, PRISON, STAGE AND STREET.
A STRANGE ROMANCE OF NEW YORK LIFE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN FROM TEXAS," "HAD DETECTIVE,"
"ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOY," "WOLF DEMON," "OVER-
LAND KIT," "RED WARRIOR," "AGE OF
SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

BILLY'S STORY.

THE girl looked at Billy in astonishment.
"Why, what do you suppose the police want
to know about either Hero or her husband?"
she asked.

"How should I know?" replied Billy, eva-

sively.

"But what did the policeman say?"

"Oh, not much. I met him about five

o'clock this afternoon. I sold out pretty soon

to-day, and I was jes' putting the horse up

when the captain came by, and he jes' asked

how things were working, and leaned up agin'

an awning-post, jes' careless-like. Well, I told

him that times were pretty middlin'; then he

up an' axed me if I was keepin' company with

you."

"And what did you say?"

"I jes' told him that I hung out round here

sometimes, an' then he said—jes' careless-like,

you know, as if it wasn't any account to him—

didn't a sister of yours get married some time

ago. Now, you see, Arty, this jes' opened my

eyes, 'cos I've seen the captain afore, an' I

knew when he commenced to talk 'bout your

sister that it meant business. I didn't let him

see, you know, that I had 'dropped on him, so

I jes' answered, as innocent as a young pony

a-playin' on the Jersey flats, that you *did* have

a sister, an' that she *did* get married, some time

ago."

"And what did he say then?" asked the girl,

deeply interested.

"Well, he looked up at the sky an' axed me

if I thought that it was going to rain, and if

weak-fish had commenced to run yet. I never

let on, you know, an' answered jes' as nice as

if I didn't know what he was arter. Then he

said that I had a good horse, an' then axed

what was the name of your sister's husband.

I told him Dominick, an' he heared to think

for a moment, an' loved that he thought he

knew a man by that name, and wondered if it

was the same one. In course I went on unhar-

ness, the loss, an' kept as still as a mouse.

Then the captain sed that he really believed

'twas the same man, an' axed me if I had ever

seed' him. I told him I never did. Then he

talked a little while 'bout what the chances

were for the next 'lection; how the ward

would go, etc., and then come plump to the

point, an' axed me if your sister an' her husband

were living round 'bout here, or if I had seen

'em lately. I told him that I hadn't."

"Did he ask any more questions?"

"Nothin' to speak of; he talked five or ten

minutes more, maybe, but sed nothin' par-

ticular." Billy replied. "Then he walked off

up the street, an' I seed' a little man in dark

clothes jine him."

"Did you know the little man, Billy?"

"I bet yer!" he replied, emphatically; "it

was one of the detectives from the Central Of-

fice. I tell you, Arty, if Hero and her husband

are round there's trouble ahead fer 'em."

The girl remained silent for a few moments,

evidently in deep thought; then suddenly

spoke:

"I'm afraid there is something the matter,

for my sister was at the house to-night, just

after dark, and she looked real sad and care-

worn."

"Did she say anythin' 'bout her husband?"

"Nothin' particular. I asked her where

she lived now, but she said that I mustn't ask

questions, and I knew, of course, that she had

some reason for not telling."

"What does Dominick do for a living, any-

way?" asked Billy, suddenly.

"I don't know exactly," the girl replied. "I

believe that he travels, and sells goods by sam-

ples, or something of that kind."

"You know Mickey Shea, don't you, Arty?"

Billy asked, after pondering over the matter

for a few moments.

"Yes," replied the girl, wondering at the

question.

"Do you know how he gets his livin'?"

"Well, I have heard people say that he isn't

any better than he ought to be."



"Why, what do you suppose the police want to know about either Hero or her husband?" she asked.

"He's a reg'lar black sheep, he is, Arty,"

Billy said, decidedly. "He's a dock-rat—steals

any thing he kin get his hands on. He's bin

up to the 'Island' half a dozen times. Was

sent up to Sing Sing once, for five years, but

he's a big man in the ward 'round 'lection time,

an' his gang got him pardoned out. Then they

had him up once fur stabbin' a man down in

South street, an' how he ever got out of that I

don't know. I reckon, though, it was political

influence that fixed the job. Mebbe they pigeon-

holed the indictment."

"What's that, Billy?"

"Why, suspended the case an' let him go on

straw bail; put the papers in a pigeon-hole; so,

you see, if he don't work jes' right 'bout

'lection time they kin take the papers out an'

put him through," Billy explained.

"But why did you want to know if I knew

him?"

"'Cos I heard him mention George Domini-

ck's name, the other night, in a liquor saloon

up the street. The place is kind of a crib

where the snoozers hang out. You see, I met

my old boss, an' we went in to take a smole.

An' while we were 'listin' our 'pison I heered

this Mickey Shea, who was talkin' in a corner

with another rounder, say somethin' 'bout

George Dominick. In course I couldn't make

out what they were a-talkin' about. I only

heered the name. But I kin tell you one thing,

Arty, if your sister's husband is any friend of

Mickey Shea's, he ain't the kind of man fur

your sister to tie to."

"I'm afraid that Hero ain't very happy," the

girl said, slowly; "she don't look well at all;

she's real thin, and I never saw her so pale and

careworn before."

"Well, I hope that her old man hain't got

into any trouble, but I'm afraid that he has,"

Billy remarked. "I don't believe the captain

would take the trouble to pump me about him

if there wasn't somethin' up."

"She is living round here, somewhere,"

Arty said, suddenly; "though she didn't say

where she lived. I am pretty sure that it ain't

fur off. Do you s'pose that anybody saw her

when she came to see us to-day? any of the

police, I mean?"

Billy gave a low and prolonged whistle. It

was evident that he felt uneasy in his mind.

"Well, Arty, I don't want to discourage you,

but I'm a leetle afraid that they are close on

her track," he replied. "Seeing the detective

with Captain Murphy looks kinder suspicious."

"What do you suppose that they are after

Mr. Dominick for?" Arty asked, with a shud-

der.

"Didn't you read 'bout that fight on the

river, the other night, between the Harbor Po-

lice and a party of river-thieves, when one of

the officers was shot?"

"Yes, I read it."

"Well, do you know it struck me when I

read 'bout that fuss that Mickey Shea an' his

gang had somethin' to do with it," Billy went

on to explain. "You see, Arty, I used to go

round with the boys a good deal in the old

time, an' I knew a heap 'bout these river-rats,

as they call themselves. This Mickey tried one

night to rope me in to go with 'em, an' I jes'

told him what I thought of him an' his crowd

in pretty plain words; then he got mad an'

picked a muss with me, an' it took me 'bout

two minutes to warm him so that his own

mammy wouldn't have known him; an' he had

his crowd with him, too, but there was five or

six of the Fulton Market fellows round, an'

they jes' sed that I had a fair show. Mickey

threatened to lay me out, but he knows that I

can flax him an' any two of his gang all put

together if I only have half a chance."

"Do you suppose that my sister's husband

had any thing to do with shooting that officer?"

asked the girl, anxiously.

"In course I don't know any thing 'bout it,"

Billy replied, with a shake of the head. "But,

when the captain tried to pump me to-day

'bout Dominick, an' I remember hearin' Mickey

speak 'bout him, it jes' struck me that mebbe

he had somethin' to do with that affair."

"If the police were on the watch, perhaps

they followed Hero from the house to-day?"

"That's what I'm afraid of," Billy ob-

served, thoughtfully.

Then up the street with uncertain steps came

a fat, elderly man, gray-haired and heavily

jowled.

It was the venerable Christopher Walebone.

He beheld the couple seated upon the coal-

box and straightened himself up in righteous

indignation.

CHAPTER X.

TIMELY AID.

THE woman proceeded onward with rapid

steps and the Doctor followed close behind.

She entered the door of a large tenement

house, situated on Market street, turned her

head as if for the purpose of seeing that the

man whom she was conducting was at hand,

and then, satisfied that he was following closely

behind, proceeded up-stairs.

The Doctor followed silently; the rustle of

the woman's dress was his guide through the

dark passages.

At a door on the upper landing his conduc-

tor halted.

"This is the place," she said, opening the

door and entering the room.

The Doctor followed, and at a single glance

noted the scanty furniture of the apartment,

and the sick man extended upon the bed.

"I will be back soon," and turning round,

the Doctor observed that the woman had left

the apartment, closing the door behind her. He

understood at once that it was her purpose to

leave him alone with the sick man, and ad-

vanced to the bedside.

Gentleman George nodded his head in salu-

tation. "You are a doctor?"

"Yes."

"I've got a bullet in my shoulder. I thought

that it was only a scratch, or that the bullet had

passed clean through, but from the way it pains

me I have come to the conclusion that the lead

is still in the shoulder."

Silently the Doctor examined the wound;

then he took out a little case of instruments

from his pocket, opened it and selected a

"probe."

A cry of pain came from the lips of the

wounded man, despite his Indian-like hardi-

hood, as the instrument was inserted in search

of the ball.

"The wound is inflamed," the Doctor said;

"it is lucky that you called in medical aid; ten

hours more and it would have been too late. It

is not dangerous, with proper care."

Then another groan of pain, and the Doctor

held up the little conical piece of lead between

his thumb and forefinger.

"There it is, you see."

A long-drawn breath of relief came from

George's lips.

"That's a weight off my mind," he muttered.

"I was beginning to fear that I should lose the

arm."

"As I have said, if it had not been attended

to within ten hours, it would not only have

cost you your arm, but in all probability

your life." The Doctor spoke gravely.

"A narrow squeeze, eh?" Dominick exclam-

ed, with a light laugh.

"Yes; and even now you must be careful

and not take cold; the wound is very much in-

flamed."

"That comes from neglecting to take care of

it," the wounded man confessed; "but I had

no idea I was so badly hurt. How much do I

owe you, Doctor?"

"Nothing," replied the stranger, wiping the

instruments off carefully and returning them to

the box.

"Nothing?" exclaimed Dominick, in aston-

ishment.

"That is correct," said the stranger, quietly.

"I am not a regular doctor, and do not practice

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looked like this Dominick. It is only a fancy of mine, however, for he knows both his parents, and can not be the descendant of this girl who possessed the face of an angel and the heart of a fiend.

Pondering over the dark memories of the past, the olive-faced stranger descended into the street.

The girl, Molly Bawn, concealed in a neighboring doorway, was eagerly awaiting him.

"Oh, Mister! come here, quick!" she exclaimed, mysteriously, as he came from the door of the tenement-house, and she stuck close to the place of concealment as she spoke.

"What's the matter, Molly?" he demanded, advancing toward her.

"The cops! Come into the doorway, quick!" she cried, with fiery energy; and as she spoke, she reached out her little hand, as if to pull him into the darkness of the doorway.

"What of them?" he inquired, taking a position by her side.

"They're arter somebody, and I thought maybe that it was you," his little companion explained.

"How do you know that they are arter somebody?"

"Why, I see 'em!" was the confident reply.

"When?"

"Just arter you went inter that old barracks with that woman. Two of 'em came down the street, an' they had a talk right in front of here, an' I know'd 'em. One of 'em was Cap'n Murphy, and the other a policeman on his beat; an' they're arter somebody in that house—the one you went into, an' I thought maybe that it was you."

"I guess they are not arter me," the Doctor remarked; but as he spoke, he thought came to him that he could easily tell who the officers of justice were after if they sought some one in the tenement-house which he had just quitted.

Then the idea occurred to him to warn the parties of whom he guessed the officers were in search.

"You are sure, Molly, that the police are arter some one in that house?" he said.

"I bet you!" replied the girl, emphatically.

"I heard Cap'n Murphy say so when he passed by here. He p'inted right to that old barracks and sed, 'He's in the upper front room, an' then I didn't hear no more.'"

"It is Dominick, then?"

The quick ears of the girl caught the muttered words.

"Did you say Dominick?" she exclaimed, impulsively; "an' is it him they're arter an' not you?"

"They are not arter me, that's a sure thing," he replied.

"I bet you I'm glad!" cried Molly.

"You know Dominick?"

"Yes, when I see him."

"He's in an upper front room in that house and sed, 'I'm afraid that it is he the police are arter.'"

"Why, what has he done?" Molly asked, in wonder.

"I don't know that; but, Molly, I think we ought to let him know the officers are arter him."

"That's so!" she exclaimed. "S'pose I run up stairs an' tell 'em that old Murphy is arter 'em?"

"Just what I was going to suggest," the Doctor said. "Do you think you can find the room? It's on the upper floor, front."

"I know the one, I guess! I see'd a light in it as I was comin' down the street."

"Just knock at the door and tell Mrs. Dominick what you heard; say that I sent you; say the Doctor—they'll understand who you mean."

"I'll do it up first-rate!" cried Molly, stepping down to the sidewalk, but then in a second she hopped back to her hiding-place again.

"It's too late!" she cried. "There's the peepers on the other side of the street now."

The girl's sharp eyes had detected the truth. On the opposite side of the street, approaching with measured steps, were five men; four of them wore the blue uniform of the Metropolitan Police, while the fifth was clad in plain clothes. These all crossed the street and halted in front of the tenement-house.

"That big man is old Murphy," the girl said, in a whisper.

From their concealment the Doctor and Molly commanded a view of the squad, and were also near enough to hear their conversation.

"I suppose that we might as well go for him, right away," the police captain said, addressing the gentleman in dark clothes, who was one of the detectives from "Head-quarters."

"Yes; he's up-stairs, safe enough. I tracked his wife from her father's place here, this evening, and I found out from one of the people in the house that there was a young man with blonde hair and mustache lived with his wife in the front apartments, on the upper floor. It's our bird, fast enough."

"Do you suppose that he will offer any resistance?" Murphy asked.

"I think not," the detective replied. "If Mickey Shea spoke truth, he's pretty badly hurt."

"You and I had better go up together; that will be enough," the police captain said.

"Just so," and into the tenement-house went the officers, leaving the three "Metropolitans" on guard at the door.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 106.)

NADIA. THE RUSSIAN SPY; OR, The Brothers of the Starry Cross.

BY CAPT. FREDERICK WHITTAKER.
AUTHOR OF "THE RED RAJAH," "THE SEA CAT," "THE
BLACK RIBBON," "DOUBLED-DEATH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI. THE BOMBARDMENT.

WHEN Sandy and the Zouave reached the open air a terrible racket was going on. All the Russian batteries, from one end of the lines to the other, were thundering away in a general bombardment, and the allied gunners, not to be outdone, were answering vigorously.

A great white pall of smoke covered the trenches through which the humming *whirr-rrr!* of round shot was heard, mingled with the *cluh! cluh! cluh! bom!* of the then novel rifle-shells, in our days so common.

Drums, bugles, fifes and bagpipes were all calling to arms along the trenches in quick, imperative tones; for such a sudden bombardment was regarded as the sure prelude to a sally of the besieged; and the besiegers were notoriously weak in numbers at that time.

"Good-by, Peesho," said the Scot, hastily. "I'll tell ye all, some other time. We maun bairn be gangin'."

The Zouave wrung his comrade's hand, and hurriedly put on his belt to repair to the assembly, while Sandy, as hurriedly, ran to the edge of the ravine, and plunged headlong down the steep descent, unimpeded of the hot fire prevailing.

"We're a' in God's hands, and I could na dodge them," muttered the brave piper, as he rushed down the side of the ravine. "The smoke's unco' theek, and I maun reek it."

In a minute more he was in the bottom of the ravine, just as a ricocheting shot threw a shower of gravel over him, and knocked him flat with the wind of its passage.

It felt like a stunning blow, but Sandy had been knocked over in the same manner before, and he scrambled up in a hurry, picked up his cap and commenced the climb to his quarters in considerable hurry.

It was well he did so, for a second shot lighted on the very spot where he had fallen, and buried itself in the earth with a loud *blam* an instant later.

Up the steep ascent the brawny Scot toiled, escaping the fearful cannonade by one of those apparent miracles of which a soldier's life is so full; and, ten minutes after, was at the top of the further bank, and in sight of his own camp.

A single glance showed him that it was empty, save for a few officers' servants; and that the regiment was already on the color-line, behind the batteries, faintly discernible in the smoke, which was driving back over them.

"Eh, mon, but it's a sair disgrace to ye," grunted Sandy, as he ran to his tent for his pipes and claymore. "Fifteen year a piper of the Black Watch, and late at the gathering. Ye maun be like a roebuck to mak' up for this, Sandy."

And run he did, with all his tough highland shins at full stretch, dashed into the great bell-tent, empty of all but his own accoutrements; wrestled into them with desperate speed, and went off at the double-quick to join his brother pipers at the right of the regiment.

He found the Black Watch behind the batteries, standing in their ranks, resting on their ordered arms, with the peculiar grim, iron silence characteristic of their famous corps. Not a head moved; the officers stood before their companies, leaning on their swords; the grim old colonel sat on his horse in front of the center, the whole regiment might have been thought a row of statues, but for the flutter of plaid and bonnet plume in the fitful breeze.

Sandy's arrival among the pipers was only greeted by a stern frown from the piper-major, who muttered, wrathfully:

"Two days' pay for that, Piper McPherson. Did na ye hear the gathering, ye deaf loon; or were ye awa' efter some randy quean at the canteen, that ye're sae late?"

"I hoonly beg pardon, meejor," said Sandy, submissively. "I was awa' wi' the Frenchers, sir, and a twal-pund shot so me on my hunkies wif the whistle of 't, crassing the glen."

"Do! an' excuse," said the piper-major, sourly—like all the British non-commissioned officers, he was as important in his department as the colonel himself—"I see wonerin an' auld sojer like ye, Sandy, auld gang efter thea heathen Frenchers; and gin ye talk ony mair, 'twill be three days' pay, ye graceless loon."

Sandy made no answer, but looked sulky; and silence was restored in the grim lines of the Black Watch, while the shot and shell kept screaming over their heads, and every now and then the sharp report of a bursting mine was followed by the whistle and whirr of the ragged fragments hurtling round them and knocking the dirt all over them.

Presently an aid-de-camp came tearing along the line, as the fire grew hotter and hotter, and the fragments came nearer and nearer. He pulled up by the old colonel, and spoke, so as to be heard by every one.

"Sir George's compliments, Colonel MacGregor, and please to make the men lie down. The enemy give no further indications of a sally."

Then away galloped the young fellow to the next regiment, and ere he had gone twenty paces, came a terrible report, as a shell struck his horse, and exploded at the instant, tearing rider and steed into a ghastly mass of horrible fragments.

The old colonel turned to the Black Watch as calmly as if nothing had happened.

"Lie down in the ranks," he said; and the men obeyed in silence. But not an officer stirred.

It was not *chiquette*.

The pipers maintained their post also, with grave stolidity, and presently the colonel turned toward them, and silently beckoned with his finger.

"Bonnie Dundee, lads!" said the piper-major, as he blew up his pibroch.

Then, high and piercing over the continual thunder of the tremendous cannonade, rose the shrill notes of the pipes, in the rollicking old Jacobite air that chronicles Highland deeds of nearly two centuries ago. The air was caught up by the 79th to the left, and a cheer ran along the line. It was answered by the loud clangor of the bands of the Zouaves over the ravine, playing, "Partant pour la Syrie," and then, on the other side, by the grand, solemn notes of "God save the Queen," from the Coldstream Guards.

Not to be outdone, the Russians struck up their national anthem, God save the Czar; and the first shockmen on both sides for a full minute, while the opposing hosts shouted defiant cheers to each other across the narrow but deathly space that separated them.

And then, suddenly, the deep, sullen booming of distant cannon, far off in the rear, startled every one in the Allied lines.

The soldiers lying down turned involuntarily in their places, and looked in the new direction, while the cannonade on the part of the Allies ceased as if by magic.

Then the distant booming, at first fitful and irregular, increased to a continuous roar, and announced to the dumbest mind that a terrible conflict must be going on there.

The officers of the Iron Black Watch, for a moment, forgot their dignity, and looked gravely and anxiously at each other. As the cannonade increased, it became plain to every one that some great movement was being undertaken by the Russians, threatening the rear of the besiegers.

The sound came from the direction of their only base of supplies, six or seven miles off, poorly defended by a chain of redoubts, manned by Turks, and covering the harbor, where lay, as thick as in London Docks, the transports and provision ships that brought them all their supplies, to lose which was starvation, defeat, and possible surrender.

Over the mind of the most ignorant soldier the dread possibility flashed, as vividly as over the General himself. A murmur rose:

"Balaklava is attacked!"

CHAPTER XXII. THE MOSCOW ROAD.

AT noon of next day, a powerful dapple-gray horse, an English thoroughbred, worth many thousand rubles, stood before the door of Prince Gallitzin, waiting for his master.

The horse was evidently a beast of wicked temper, from the way in which he showed the white of his eye and laid back his ears, when any one approached him suddenly. At such times, his tail would curl in close to his haunches, and the animal, cowered down, looking the embodiment of vice, ready to kick like a steam-engine. Such was the result of

his early English education among grooms, and the same peculiarities had gained him the name of Chert (the Devil) among the prince's grooms.

Presently, however, down the steps came the tall, soldierly form of Gallitzin, closely buttoned up in the dark-green undress uniform of a retired General, and switching his boot with his riding-whip.

"Let him go, Vassili," he said to the groom at the horse's head. "I don't fear old Chert. He knows me."

And he walked fearlessly up to the vicious brute, talking to it in a tone of kindness, under which Chert instantly became quiet and docile, allowing his master to mount him without a kick, a feat no other man in St. Petersburg could have performed.

Then the old prince gathered up his reins, spoke to Chert, and away went the dapple-gray stallion down the street, at a killing pace, toward the Moscow gate.

The prince was by no means unarmed. In either holster of his military saddle reposed a Colt's revolver, and the old nobleman could snuff a candle at twenty paces with a bullet.

The few idlers that gathered round the steps of the palace to see the prince depart, had done so, merely attracted by the commanding grace of his demeanor. None of them dreamed that, in taking this seemingly ordinary morning ride, the proud old noble was knowingly risking his life.

And yet such was the case.

And yet such was the case that three police spies stood at different parts of the street to watch him, and knew that, if he gave any offense by his actions, he would be arrested, on one pretense or another.

Accordingly, ere Chert had taken twenty bounds at the pace at which he started, he was sharply reined up by his master, and compelled to proceed at a slower rate—an indignity which he resented by jumping from side to side, plunging and rearing, in a manner that few horsemen could have sat out, undisturbed.

But the prince could see several mounted police on the way to the Moscow gate, and was careful to give them no excuse for stopping him, by furious riding.

As he passed the first, the man called out to him:

"Be careful, prince. Remember the ukase on fast riding."

"When I ride over eight miles an hour, stop me!" cried Gallitzin. "Till then, keep your tongue from insulting a Boyar of Russia."

As he spoke, out of a cross avenue rode a mounted officer, followed by several orderlies, all at full speed.

The officer passed by Gallitzin, waved his hand, and cried:

"Ride with me, prince. I am on duty."

In a moment Gallitzin was beside him, and dashing toward the Moscow gate at full gallop; for in the officer he had recognized the czar's valet himself.

And the czar's valet was exempt from the ukase, with all his immediate friends.

Gallitzin laughed as they galloped along, for the mounted police drew back and saluted the apparent, giving up all notion of stopping him or his companion.

In another five minutes they were through the gate, and the grand duke waved his hand in farewell, as he turned to the right, and left Gallitzin.

The old prince lifted his hat and bowed, spoke to Chert, and away went horse and man on the way to Moscow, now out of the city limits.

Chert went magnificently. All his vice and temper had disappeared in the tremendous burst of energy with which he covered mile after mile of the dusty road, and he fairly seemed to fly.

Not till ten miles intervened between himself and St. Petersburg, a distance accomplished in half an hour, did the gallant horse slacken his pace, and then only in obedience to his master's hand.

The old prince pulled him up to a walk, and allowed Chert to breathe and snort away his temporary distress, while Chert's rider keenly inspected a country ox-cart, which was slowly rumbling along the road behind his slow team, on the road before him.

Gallitzin, experienced in police intrigue, suspected the innocent-looking ox-cart.

There were too many men with it.

Four in all, one drove the cart, another lay on the hay which loaded it, two more trudged alongside, with scythes over their shoulders.

The prince walked his horse slowly along, about a hundred yards in rear of the cart, and the cart stopped.

The old noble halted, too.

"So that's your game, is it?" he muttered. "Let us see if it will succeed."

He looked all round the landscape. It was a flat plain like the steppe, but dotted with patches of forest. Not a human being was in sight, save those with the ox-cart, and over a distant belt of scrubby pine wood rose the green spire of a little country church.

That spire marked the center of a village on Gallitzin's own estates.

He might have reached it by a cut across country, but to do so would imply a fear of the men with the ox-cart, which he disdained to show.

Suddenly taking his resolution, he drew a pistol from his holster, and dashed down straight at the ox-cart at full speed. As he had anticipated, all four men strung themselves across the road to dispute his progress, and the men with the scythes ran forward with uplifted weapons, as if resolved to hamstring the horse at the first opportunity.

Down on the spires thundered the gallant old prince, till within ten paces, when he suddenly threw Chert on his haunches, wheeled sharp to the left, and fired three shots into the group as he galloped away into the forest.

One of the men fell, and the rest uttered fearful oaths as they ran after the daring veteran.

A man threw the sharp scythe he bore, with deadly aim, at the prince's horse, the blade cutting a gash in the animal's haunch, but not crippling it, as luck would have it.

Gallitzin scraped his way past safely, and then halted.

With pitiless accuracy he fired the nine shots remaining to him at the three men still unwounded, who were all unprovided with firearms.

When they fled, he pursued them mercilessly.

Late that evening, Prince Gallitzin rode in at the Moscow gate of St. Petersburg, on a black Arab, and the first person he met was the minister of police in his carriage.

"I have just received important news from Sebastopol," quoth Gallitzin, as he passed.

"If you want to hear it, ask his imperial highness, the czarévitch, whom I just met."

Gorloff ground his teeth as the prince rode off, laughing.

CHAPTER XXIII. THE POLISH OFFICER.

IN front of General Pelissier's quarters stood a dark iron-gray barb, with an officer's accoutrements. It was held by a turbaned Spahi,*

*In the French cavalry the Spahis occupy the place

the orderly on duty. General Pelissier was the French second in command; and at the moment the cannonade began he was seated in his tent, talking to a very handsome young officer in the dress of a captain of Guides, whose downy black mustache hardly redeemed his face from effeminacy.

"And so you think I make a good cavalier, General," said the youthful officer, smiling.

"I think you a devilish dead too handsome," said the old soldier, stroking his white mustache, and scanning the other critically; "but still I will say this, that if I had a daughter—which God forbid, for women are troublesome creatures—I'd think twice before trusting her anywhere near you. Do you know that you have an infernally rakish air, my dear captain—ah—I forget."

"Captain Count Nadetski," said the young officer, laughing. "You must not forget that, General, seeing that you yourself recommended me for my commission."

Pelissier grinned. He was a tough old soldier, given to much bad language, and innumerable cigarettes and "petites verres," (anglice, "drinks," "horns," "smiles," "eye-openers," etc.).

"Captain Count Nadetski," he said, "I am glad, for my own sake, that the countess has gone back to Varna. Were she here, I think you would make me feel uncommonly jealous. But since you are here—"

"Brother," said Nadetski, as the other hesitated, "and hating Russia as fiercely as only a Pole can, General."

"Ma foi, it needs no glasses to see that, count. But, being her brother, and the countess being my good friend, I now ask you, what do you propose to do for us?"

"More than all your spies can do for you," said the young Pole, boldly. "I can go inside the Russian lines, and find all their plans, ay, even to what passes in Mentschikoff's cabinet."

"Good promises, count," said Pelissier, dryly. "When you have executed them, I will promise you promotion. What do you propose to do first; and have you any thing to tell me now?"

"I have much, General," said the Pole, calmly. "Had I not been detained so long at the outposts, the news would be invaluable. As it is, it may enable you to save the army. To-day, probably by this time, General Liprandi, with thirty thousand troops, will attack Balaklava, where he expects to drive out the Turks like sheep, take the redoubts, and destroy every ship in the harbor."

Pelissier started up.

"Are you mad, young man? To-day I will—"

"Boom! boom! boom! the terrible cannonade opened, and the battle was begun, as Pelissier spoke.

"That is only a feint," said Nadetski, quietly. "They expect to divert your troops from Balaklava by threatening a sally. Keep cool, General. You'll hear them at Balaklava soon."

The general stood listening to the fast-increasing cannonade in silence for some minutes. He heard the drums and bugles calling to arms, and the shouts of the Russians threatening a sally, but he hardly heeded them, in the light of the news he had just received.

"Will you dare to take your statement to Raglan?" he asked abruptly of Nadetski. "Remember, I don't know you, young man. You're devilish like a young friend of mine, to be sure, and bear strong recommendations, but if I act on your advice, I must strip my front to protect Balaklava, which may not really be assailed. Raglan is nearer there. Will you dare go to him?"

Nadetski rose.

"With pleasure, General; but I warn you that you are losing time. The attack will not be here, but at Balaklava."

"Go and tell Raglan," said Pelissier, obstinately. "Here, I'll write a note recommending you, and he shall take the responsibility. I'll send the light cavalry, but not a man else, that's flat."

The veteran General sat down and scrawled a hasty note, the cannonade increasing every moment, while the *spang!* of an occasional bursting shell came nearer and nearer every time, though the General's quarters were far behind the lines.

When it was finished the young Pole took it with a grave bow, and left the tent, when the French General called for his horse and rode down toward the trenches.

The Captain of Guides, however, rode in exactly the opposite direction as soon as he had mounted the gray barb. The animal dashed along at a rapid, easy gallop, skirting the French right, and going toward the rear of the English where, on a gentle hill, stood a long, rambling cluster of cottages, over which waved the flag of Lord Raglan, the English commander.

As Nadetski approached, he saw the white-headed General, surrounded by his staff, sitting on horseback on a commanding eminence, surveying the long white line of smoke that hid the front of Sebastopol.

The count galloped up, himself the most gorgeous figure in sight, with his green dolman, furred pelisse, wide scarlet trousers, and fur cap so loftily plumed.

Raglan nodded curtly in answer to the salute, and hastily tore open the note. As soon as he read it his face changed, and he beckoned the young Pole near.

"Gentlemen," he said to his staff-officers, who were clustering near, "fall back fifty paces. I wish to speak to this officer."

In a moment they were alone, and Raglan asked:

"Well, sir, what news? General Pelissier tells me you have important news. What is it?"

In a few words Nadetski repeated his story.

The English commander mused; but his musings were suddenly interrupted by the opening gun at Balaklava, followed by the total cessation of the allied fire.

Raglan listened, and a look of fear and anxiety came over his usually calm old face.

"The news is true," he muttered. "Why did it not come five hours sooner? Then we might have saved the redoubts; now—"

As he spoke he looked over the intervening country toward Balaklava. From where they were, the smoke of conflict was seen rising, rising over the crest of a hill, while the booming of cannon became incessant.

They could see, from where they were, the slope of the hill at Balaklava covered with dark, moving masses, edged with white smoke, announcing the Russian columns moving to attack the Turkish batteries.

Then at last the English General seemed to shake off his momentary apathy and roused himself.

"Those Turks fight well behind walls. They'll hold them till we can succeed them. Colonel, here, quick!"

He beckoned to one of his staff who galloped up.

"To Lord Lucan instantly. Tell him to saddle up every thing and trot to Balaklava."

that the better known Zouaves and Turcos did among the foot-soldiers. They are Africans, Moors, Arabs, etc., with a few Frenchmen, and offered by French for the most part. They wear the Oriental dress similar to the Zouaves,

At length, finding she had dismissed all thought of his existence, she ventured to change position and regard her more attentively. She was leaning her head against the window-pane, looking away off over the dreary western landscape to the scenes and the friends—so he imagined—that she had left behind; and the dark eyes had now softened from splendid to beautiful. She was not such a terrible person, after all, and the lieutenant's courage slowly came back to him. He began to realize the fact that he was sitting opposite a magnificent creature. She was both blonde and brunette, hair and eyes black as jet, and cheeks a clear red and white. Her nose was divinely Grecian, with just enough *rebrousse* about it to show that it was modernly human. Add to these charms a becoming little turban hat and a delicious figure set off by a stylish gray traveling suit, and you have the *l'ouise* of my heroine.

It straightway became the fondest wish of the heart of Lieutenant Washington Murray to get acquainted with this beautiful being who had so unexpectedly entered his presence; but, although he was a good-looking man and a brave soldier, yet most of his later years had been passed on the frontier, and it may be doubted if the society of Modoc belles and Ute squaws is particularly calculated to give a man confidence in the presence of the more fashionable ladies of the East.

He unbuckled his linen duster so as to display his uniform to better advantage, sighed audibly and wished he had courage to offer her the copy of Wilkie Collins' *Novo Magdalen*, which he had beside him. But, while the lady's beauty commanded his admiration and her sadness his sympathy, there was a gentle dignity about her that forbade his expressing either feeling. He felt that, unless something extraordinary occurred to break the ice, it would be impossible for him to address her.

Fortunately something extraordinary did occur, and that in a manner entirely unexpected. The conductor came around for the tickets. Our warrior held in his hand the two or three surviving coupons of a long string that had brought him from San Francisco. The conductor came to the lady first and touched her arm to attract attention. She turned upon him as if to resist some familiarity; then, seeing who he was, began searching her pocket for her portmanteau. Failing to find it there she nervously opened her traveling-bag—a beautiful, worked, worsted one with the letters "L. E." in monogram upon it—but it was not there either. The conductor held out his hand emphatically.

"Well, ma'am," he said, at length, gruffly. "The lady seemed to have lost all self-possession. She looked up in a frightened manner, her beautiful eyes filled with tears; then said, appealingly:

"I—I think I have lost my purse—"
"Where are you going?" asked he, eying her suspiciously.

"To Toledo."

"No one rides free on this road," Lieutenant Murray, though not as funny as Mark Twain, was quite as tender-hearted. He "never could stand a woman's tears." Acting upon a sudden impulse he bent forward as if taking something from the floor, and tearing off his Toledo coupon held it toward the young lady.

"I think this must be yours," he said, respectfully; "it was on the floor."

"Oh, thank you," she cried, seizing it and giving it to the official, who, not one bit abashed, only smiled and returned it to her. Of course that gentleman was obliged to pay his fare; but, thought he to himself, joyfully, the happiness of having served a beautiful young lady and the possibilities of a further acquaintance, are well worth five or six paltry dollars. And the prospect did seem to have brightened considerably; for instead of turning back to the window, she looked straight at him and warmly expressed her sense of obligation. She did not know what she should have done had he not found her ticket. She had no friends nearer than Toledo, and could not thank him sufficiently. During all which time the lieutenant was blushing delightedly, and insisting upon it that he had done nothing deserving so overwhelming an amount of gratitude. He hoped he might be permitted to apologize for having deprived her of the use of a whole section. He was sure he regretted it very much indeed, or at least—he added, growing bolder—he ought to regret it, but could not bring himself to do so very heartily, since it had enabled him to do her a service.

At this she beamed upon him with those fine eyes in a manner quite bewildering; said it was she who should apologize for being so rude when she first came in, begged him to sit beside her—"it must make his head swim to ride backwards"—and the long and short of it was that long before dark they were talking quite cozily and unrestrainedly together.

The lieutenant had certainly found a very entertaining, as well as beautiful companion. She at once accused him of being a soldier, and was sure he was coming home from the Indian wars covered with glory, though, she added mischievously, he didn't seem covered with wounds. Then with that delicate art which pretty women so well understand, she drew from him a description of his camp life and frontier experiences, subjects which she knew he could talk best upon, bestowing upon his glowing accounts all the rapt attention with which Desdemona flattered Othello. Now and then she made a pretty mouth, as he unconsciously indulged in some phrase of the camp, or sometimes she gave a bewitching little cry of horror as he described a night attack.

And the soldier, looking down into those dark eyes, felt such ecstasy as he had never known before. It was not until the twilight shadows began to gather and the lamps were lighted, that he began to realize he had been talking all this while of himself and his own concerns. So he tried to turn the conversation to other topics, and gradually prevailed upon his beautiful seat-mate to speak of herself. By skillful questioning he learned that she was a boarding-school Miss returning home for the vacation; that her father was a rich old merchant of Toledo, who thought every thing of his daughter; and how she was expecting to surprise him by arriving one day sooner than he expected. Then she suddenly blushed to find herself talking so freely to a stranger, and still artlessly went on.

Never so pleasant a *tele-a-tele* interrupted as when the porter came around to make up the berth. Was ever so romantic a beginning for an acquaintance?

At Lieutenant Washington Murray, what would your brother officers say if they knew that before you had been one week away from them you had struck your colors to a woman? You are head over heels in love, you know you are; and that terrible "upper four" is to you a bed of roses this night, for in your dreams continually you are talking with a delightful little fairy in a turban hat and gray traveling-suit.

The first waking thought of our hero was connected with his charming "chance acquaintance" of the night before; but that thought was saddened by the prospect of a speedy separation. She was to stop at Toledo,

and he, alas! must go on East at once. But he would see as much of her as possible during the brief time yet remaining, and perhaps it might be arranged so that they should meet again. He arose and betook himself to the platform for a smoke. "The lady was by no means so early a riser, and it was not until they were quite inside the city that he, returning to the car for the fourth or fifth time, found her getting her traps together, preparatory to leaving the train. She greeted him cordially, but there was little time for further conversation.

"Can I do any thing for you?" he asked, as they rolled into the depot.

"You are very kind; but there is nothing—unless, indeed, I may trouble you to get me a carriage. As my father does not expect me, ours will not be here."

"Pardon me," he said, blushing to the roots of his curly hair; "you have lost your purse, and it is awkward to be without money. Might I offer—?"

"Oh! thank you," she answered, laughing and blushing in turn; "I am going directly home, and shall not need it."

"And am I never to see or hear of you again?"

"That depends upon yourself"—with an encouraging smile. "I should be happy to have you call upon me. Do you stop in Toledo?"

"No, I am obliged to report at Washington immediately."

"Well, you'll come some time, will you not?" and she handed him a delicate bit of cardboard on which was the name, "Lillian Egerton," and an address. He thanked her and proffered his own card in return as they left the train. Then he went off in search of a carriage, and presently returning, he whispered, as he placed her in it:

"Would you think me too bold, Miss Egerton, if I should write to this address?"

"I think not," she answered, very sweetly indeed, and held out her hand. He pressed it an instant, and then the man drove off and left him taking off his hat at the carriage window.

A week later found Lieutenant Murray at home and among friends; but he did not forget his beautiful traveling companion and her permission to write. He indited at once one of his sweetest and most impressive epistles. And, among other things, he found it impossible to resist telling her about the tickets—how it was not her own ticket at all that he had given her, and what a fine joke it was. He waited in a fever of impatience for an answer. After many days it came. It was not very long, but might be called very forcible and exhaustive.

"You dear *Goose*," it ran, "I don't take the trouble to answer all the foolish letters that are written to me; but you are so green that I can't help telling you a thing or two. Don't be imposed upon by every pretty girl who is traveling without a protector. I knew very well it wasn't my ticket you gave me—I never had one; and my money was in my pocket all the time. I always let somebody else pay my fare. It's cheaper—for me. Call on me when you are in Toledo."

The lieutenant will be in Toledo soon on his way back to duty, but it is doubtful if he calls on Miss Egerton. Would you call on a lady who calls you a *goose*? Besides, he doesn't feel quite sure about the social position, rich old father, and all that. At any rate, he has examined a catalogue of the seminary, and can find no such name as Lillian Egerton in its columns.

Moral: Be sure you are right before you drive ahead.

A Sister's Art.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"I tell you I detect Lisle Alcheste!"
"Very pronounced to detect any one, June; decidedly unpollitic to detect Lisle Alcheste of all men. And pray, what may be your appreciation of that Corsair-like person, Harold Ray? There is a difference, I presume."

"There is a difference, Viola. You are not so far lacking in perception not to have detected that."

"By no means. It was evident enough, I confess. You danced with him eight times last night, and but twice with poor smitten Lisle."

"Poor smitten Lisle! survived under your kind consideration."

"Don't dodge the issue, June. You rendered yourself conspicuous by your devotion to the beggarly hanger-on, Harold Ray. I absolutely heard your names bandied together. You meant nothing by it, I am ready to believe, but, as an elder sister was compromised, in a measure, by the reflection you cast, I feel it my duty to remonstrate, to request there shall be no recurrence of the same."

"Sisterly affection is always so liberal, I dare say—to sacrifice the dearest hope of earth for a pretense."

There was bitterness in June Farleigh's voice. There was no sympathy between these two, no warm outgushing of love, very little liking, indeed, sisters though they were. Poor, faulty June, who flew into tempers, whose boiling wrath and indignation bubbled over daily, bore all the censure for their differences. Viola, calm, sweet, unimpassioned, who was never in a rage in all the twenty-two years of her life, "little lower than the angels are," how could any blame attach to her? June was only eighteen—foolish little June—and had but lately fallen headlong into an idolatry of which fresh-hearted eighteen is capable.

"I trust so if the dearest hope has any thing to do with Harold Ray. The pretense is at least a respectable sort of affair, your conduct of late, my dear, not to be tolerated."

Viola's "my dears" always had a tinge of acidity at the bottom of their sweetness.

"I don't see any thing very wrong in it."

"Not in setting people's tongues to wagging?—and they are very uncharitable tongues sometimes. I can admire your courage, while I do not applaud your wisdom. However, my duty as an elder sister leads me to remonstrate. That reminds me I promised Lisle, you should go with him to Sutton Wood to make these sketches to-day."

"Decidedly kind of you, but I happen to have an engagement."

"You promised him yourself, you know, and that engagement must take the precedence. Do try to be civil to Lisle for once in your life, and, as it is within half an hour of his time to call, you had better dress unless you prefer going in that more suggestive than picturesque attire."

Said attire was a limp wrapper, long since departed from its pristine brightness of violet tint. June was a careless mortal, but after all it was not entirely her fault that her wrappers were faded and old. Viola's were crisp and fresh, but any one knows these qualities wear out by the time they reach second-hand-ness.

"I mean to dress, but I don't mean to go to Sutton Wood. Go yourself if you care so much for your pet Lisle."

"Certainly, my dear, though I don't suppose he will appreciate the favor, especially as I

don't sketch. Your favorite Ray stood by at the time and made arrangements for meeting you there with Laura Sutton. Under the circumstances of course I shall not urge your inclination."

Harold going. June was not above inconsistency with that prospect in view. Sutton Wood saw her that day despite her vehement assertion to the contrary. October frosts had turned the foliage; the green water of the winding creek had taken a brownish tinge; great rocks scattered in the bed of it lifted grizzled heads surrounded by wreaths of foam, and the swift, noisy dark current rushing between leaped a shallow fall and broadened into a silent basin, where a treacherous under-suction was more to be dreaded than the rush above. Along the banks masses of red and yellow vines softened their rugged sides to lines of beauty.

June sketched busily, though by no means absorbed in her work. Lisle Alcheste came in for still less of her attention, which wandered to points not included in the picture growing under her little white fingers.

"I thought Mr. Ray was to be here," she said, at last, "he and Laura Sutton."

"Did you? He proposed something of the sort, but your sister quashed the idea. Deuced clever of her, said something about two being company and three or four for the matter none; and, besides, Miss Sutton was to call on her about some fol-de-rol in the way of stitches. You can't imagine how relieved I was. She's a rum girl, that sister of yours, Miss June, and it's jolly nice here by our two selves. Don't you think so?"

"Hum, which? Sit a little further back, if you please, Mr. Alcheste. I don't wish my work thrown literally into the shade."

Mr. Alcheste accordingly edged away a couple of inches, with his light, rather near-sighted eyes fixed admiringly upon the pretty picture of the bright bowed head and flushed cheeks and trim figure in walking dress of russet brown. He was a florid, sandy-haired young man, very sincere in his loveliness, very obtuse in detecting it unfavorably received, and so good-natured withal that even June's heart sometimes misgave her after she had snubbed him unmercifully. Mr. Alcheste found a heaven of content in sitting even in silence this near her, feasting his gaze upon the loveliness which had taken him unresisting captive. Life in a prolonged situation like this was all he would have asked for at the moment. Not so June. The pretty head came up with a conscious jerk presently.

"What do you look at me that way for? I don't like to be stared at. Do, for goodness' sake, turn your eyes elsewhere else."

"I can't find any thing else so pretty to look at. I wish you would let me have you to look at always, June, dear."

June dear started to her feet impatiently. "There, I'm all out of humor for drawing any more to-day. I can't abide people to be always talking when I'm at work. Let's go home."

"Do you want to, really?" Mr. Alcheste queried, disappointedly. "I'm not half ready yet. I've got Owen Meredith in my pocket; I don't care much for the fellow myself, but you do, I know. Heard you say as much after Ray's reading, the other night. Run good fellow, Ray! Pity he's so confoundedly poor and proud."

"Pride and pride aren't cardinal sins, are they?" There was half-deceit, half-sarcasm in the question, June is so accustomed to pitching battle for the sake of her friends.

"How you do take one up! Not sins, of course not, but he stands in his own light, you see. He might have Laura Sutton for asking her, but he's poor and she's rich, and so he won't ask."

"How do you know?" she queried, sharply. "Bless me, I can't say exactly. It's no secret, people in general know it. Lachere, I'll come all right before a great while, take my word for it. Old Sutton is such a stiff and staunch democrat, believes in men being born free and equal and all that, he's favored Ray from the first, too, and he's sure to open some way for him. I shouldn't wonder if the trip to Europe in the spring would be a wedding trip. On my soul I wish—"

"Well, are you coming?" interrupted June, coldly. She knew perfectly well that Mr. Alcheste's wish would be that his own wedding trip might follow shortly, and just then any tenderness from him would have set her wild.

"Yes, I suppose so," as he picked himself and sketch-book reluctantly up. "Shan't we come back and have this thing finished to-morrow?"

"I can finish it at home."

"Don't be in such a hurry, June. I've got something to say, and somehow I don't seem to get any chance."

"I'm going to cross the rocks," said June, springing recklessly down the shelving banks to escape the proposal she felt was coming.

"You're not afraid, I suppose?"

"I don't know. The water makes my head dizzy. Do come back, won't you?"

"Go around the bridge if you like better. I shall go around this way."

Little as he might be inclined to favor a passage over the broken line of rocks overhanging the fall, Lisle Alcheste would not desert his close allegiance. He followed more cautiously, and June was half-way over when he arrived at the beginning of the perilous crossing. It was not the water made her head dizzy, and caused black spots to swim in the sunbeams before her eyes. They were there, however; they blinded her and she made a mis-step on one of those smooth, slippery stones. She shrieked and caught at the air, then the rough force of the fall swept her down. Lisle Alcheste had one glimpse of her bright hair and white face as the black waters below closed over her. Even a fair, weak, effeminate man may be a hero on an occasion. He was that day nerved by a strength greater than any other event could have brought him.

He plunged into the depths and fought with the fierce underflow for the victim it had clutched, fought and conquered, and never felt his own fatigue until June's blue eyes opened near an hour later in the cottage just out of the wood to which he had carried her. Then he fainted, and it would have been hard to say which was the dreariest looking individual conveyed back in the carriage he had sent for, which shortly afterward arrived for June.

No lasting ill consequences were destined to follow the adventure. An afternoon and night of rest restored the two participants, and Viola, who for a few short hours had held her peace, opened fire on the following morning.

"Such a romantic turn of affairs ought to have been improved, June. Did you throw yourself into the arms of your deliverer when you came back to consciousness, and plaintively murmur, 'Take me, I am thine'?"

"Don't begin such ridiculous nonsense, Viola."

"Lisle would not have thought it ridiculous in the least. Did he not propose at all? I positively thought he intended to."

"And very kindly lent you his sketch-book, and you flibbed to me yesterday."

"Well, my dear, it was for a worthy object. You would agree with me if you weren't love-blind."

"Vi, for Heaven's sake don't quarrel with me now. Was Harold here yesterday?"

"Mr. Ray was here."

"With Laura Sutton?" A gasp with the words and a feverish eagerness which would not be repressed.

"Yes. I fancy you've heard something of the truth, June. I did what I shouldn't have done but to cure you of a silly penchant for a man who don't care a fig for you. I hinted something of a rumor I had heard as I talked aside with him for a moment, referring to an engagement on hand. 'I'm not engaged yet, Miss Farleigh,' he said, 'but I hope soon to be.' And—well, June, you only needed to have seen the look in his eyes as he turned to Laura."

June covered her face and lay still after that. Later Viola looked into the room again, where the silent figure had scarcely stirred upon the couch.

"Lisle is here," she announced. "You must go down and thank him; I haven't a doubt but you treated him shabbily yesterday. If it were only to show a little spirit I'd take Lisle if I were you, June."

"I wish you would. You make me hate his name."

"Unfortunately he has no idea of giving me the opportunity. I don't admire his taste, and I am too conscious of how shabby my dresses are getting, and the fact that the wherewithal to get more has been melted to the last penny, to be over-particular on chances. I don't expect much from you, but for your own sake you might take a common-sense view."

That curse of poverty had laid its iron finger on them with a pressure which even June could not ignore. But what matter did it make now—that or any thing again in the world?

The words which had been on Lisle Alcheste's lips yesterday rushed up and were uttered as she stood, listless and pale before him, in the little gray chapel, and went home to June, I know that. But I love you, and I'll be good to you, I will indeed, and can't you give me the life I saved, darling?"

"It was in June's heart to cry out, 'Oh, why did you not let me die?'"

Instead, her little cold hand lay passive in his, and she said, "Yes," in the simplest, dearest manner, which would have satisfied no one under the sun, but Lisle Alcheste. Two months after that she uttered her marriage vow, in the little gray chapel, and went home to June, I know that. But I love you, and I'll be good to you, I will indeed, and can't you give me the life I saved, darling?"

"I gave you one present, June, but I have another in my charge," said Laura Sutton, something cold, hard and ringing in her voice, as she found the bride alone during the morning. "This is it. And untwisting a little wisp of silver paper, there lay soft, dark, curling lock of hair in June's hand. 'I cut it myself from Harold Gray's dead head!'"

"Dead?" Such shocked, startled, agonizing questioning.

"Of a broken heart if ever man died of one, whatever the doctors say. It must be a happy remembrance to you, the way you beguiled him when you were Alcheste's betrothed." Laura was bitter against her, for she had loved Harold Ray, and been passed over by him.

"I did not; I never did. He was false, not I. He told Viola he hoped to win you."

"Viola told him in his hearing of your engagement. May you find as many happinesses as you desire, Mrs. Alcheste." And bitter still, unbelieving, Miss Sutton swept away. Before June's anguished eyes Viola dawned next, Viola with warning in her face.

"For mercy's sake don't expose yourself now, June. Alive or dead he is nothing to you."

"You lied to me," accused June, in intensest calm. "He was never false to me."

"I never said it, my dear. In fact, he expressed a hope to engage himself to you, while I in duty bound nipped it in the bud. It was all for the best, my little *arriere pensee* with the rest."

"Your 'moral reservation' has blasted my life. I wish I was dead with him."

Hearts seldom break, and death does not come to youth at will. June lived, and Viola lived with her in her husband's home, and made a brilliant match through aid of Alcheste's generosity.

Was not treachery punished then? Reluctantly, for the moral's sake, Laura answered no. Was misery the life-long portion of that suffering, wronged one? Not so. Alcheste's love was too true and tender not to win a return, and whatever 'might have been,' June is content.

Mrs. Brown's Ride.

BY ELEANOR REXFORD.

"Who's that a-cantin' by?" asked aunt Mahala Brown of her niece, as some one rode by on horseback.

"Miss Douglas, I guess," answered Dora.

"Did I ever tell you about my first ride horse-back?" asked aunt Mahala, laughing at the recollection of it till the tears ran down her face.

"No, never," answered Dora. "Tell me about it now, please. There's plenty of time before getting dinner to cooking."

"I dun no but I will," said aunt Mahala, folding her hands across her lap as she always did when telling a story. "You see in my young days, I was the mustherland to read no-els. Not such as you hev nowadays, but such ones as 'Children of the Abbey,' an' 'Miranda,' an' 'Lorenzo an' M'Issa,' an' the like, an' I got to be the romanticest critter you ever see. I rally bleev'd I couldn't marry nobody but a prince or a lord, an' I allus was on the look-out fer one to cum along. I never laid a novel down till I'd got to the end. Mother, she'd say she'd burn 'em up if I didn't quit bein' so bewitched over 'em, but land! I couldn't help it. I was jest the right age to make a fool of myself, an' I guess I did."

"One day Sally Thompson cum over to our house, an' I knew she'd got suthin' to tell by the looks of her. So bymby she let it out, as I knew she'd hev to."

"Mahala," sez she, 'we've got a boarder over to our house.'"

"Who?" sez I.

"An' artist," sez she. 'A man that paints pictures, from New York. He's goin' to paint a picter o' Puffen's Pond. Goin' tew begin to-morrow.'"

"An' artist?" sez I, kinder ketchin' my breath. 'Is he han' sum, Sally?'"

"Rally good-looking," sez Sally, sez she. 'I tell you what, Mahala, he'd jest suit you. He looks f'ale romantic, with his long hair a-hangin' down onto his shoulders. I dunno but I should a-fell slap into love with him ef 'ef I hadn't been fer Josi.' Josi was her bean. 'The minit I see him, sez I tu myself, 'that's the very feller fer Mahala,' an' I run over to-day to tell you about him. Cum over an' git' acquainted.'"

"An' artist! I tho't the mator all over an' concluded, as there wasn't any princes or lords in this country, I might as well take up with an' artist as anybody."

"I'd jest been readin' a story about 'fust impressions,' and the idee got into my he'd that would be a fine thing tu make a favorable impression on the artis' the fust time he see me."

an' fin'ly I decided tu take ole Bill, our hoss, an' ride over tu Puffen's Pond the next afternoon. So I hunted up an ole black bumbezzett dress, an' made it long by piecin' down the skirt. Then I got an ole pling hat o' father's an' cut it over so's 'twould fit, an' trimmed it with black silk. I wanted a feller awful bad, but didn't know where to git one more'n the man in the moon."

"As I was meditatin' on it, mother's ole speckled rooster that she set the world by hopped up on the fence an' crowed fit to split. A bright idee struck me. Why couldn't I git his tail feathers? Mother was in the milk-house an' wouldn't see me. I run down stairs an' out in the garden, an' took after him. He run like an' posset, in among the currant bushes, an' over the onion beds, an' through mother's summer savory patch, an' I kep' tight to his heels. He holloed an' cackled, but I got holt of him at last, right by the tail, an' as I was a-goin' to git him by the neck till I could pick out what feather I wanted, he giv' an awful screech an' a flop, an' away he went, leavin' every tail-feather he had in my hand. Land! wa'n't I scared! Ef mother found it out she'd be mad 's hops. I couldn't help laffin' tu see how comikle he lookt canterin' about botaibled."

"I fixt my hat, an' it looked awful stylish, I tho't. I took it an' hid it under the bottom shelf o' the linen cupboard fer fear mother'd find it."

"After supper I heerd mother a-hollerin' down in the garden, an' I run out to see what the matter was."

"Mahala," sez she, 'suthin's been after our ole rooster. His tail's gone slick's a whis'le. D'y'e s'pose it's skunks?'"

"I dun no, sez I. 'Like enough.'"

"I swan," sez mother, 'I wouldn't 'a had it done fer nothin'. It's spilt his looks entirely. I dreamed all night about my ride an' the artis' an' mother's ole rooster, an' I declare I dun no what I, I was so excited.'"

"The next forenoon I carried my hat an' dress out an' hid 'em back o' the barn, an' got the bridle an' hid there tu, so's tu hev every thing reddey. Ole Bill run in the pasture near."

"I kep' a-thinkin' about my ride all the time I was helpin' mother wash up the dinner dishes. 'What de you a-dewin'?' sed mother, as I stood with the butcher-knife in one hand, a-tryin' tew wipe it with a teaspoon. 'I dew declare, Mahala, you try my patience so! You don't act as ef you'd got much common sense left, ef y'e ever had any. There y'e a-gawpin' up tew the ceilin', an' not takin' holt tew help a bit. I swan, I'll burn up the fust novel I lay my han's on, see 'I don't.'"

"I went to work an' helped du up the dishes, an' then slipped out."

"I ketched ole Bill an' bridled him, an' got on my hat an' dress, an' then led the hoss down to the lower end o' the paster where a pair o' bars was. The barn was twen an' the house, so nobody could see me."

"When I got ole Bill through the bars I led him up tew a stump an' mounted him. I'd never rode a hoss afore, but I thought it was easy work. I didn't find it so though. Ole Bill, he kept a-prancin', an' I hed tu hang like sixty tu keep on. 'Twan't fur tew Puffen's Pond through the woods, an' I was glad of it. I kep' a-thinkin' what a sensation I'd create in the artis' heart when he see me a-comin'."

Mebbe he'd paint a picter of me."

"I rode along, a-keepin' a look-out fer the artis', an' ole Bill an' I see him at the same time, an' he see us. Ole Bill, he got scart, an' begun to prance, an' away went my hat into a bunch o' blackberry bushes. That scart ole Bill wuss'n ever, an' he jest turned square 'round an' started off tow'd the house full canter. I grabbed holt of his mane, an' hung an' kep' a-hollerin' 'whoa! whoa!' but the ole critter wouldn't hear a word, but kep' a-canterin' over stones an' logs, bumply-bounce! bumply-bounce! I thought I should tumble off, but I grabbed the tighter, an' hung on. I thought about the 'impression' I hed made on the artis', an' I was hoppin' mad. I jerked at Bill's bridle, but he wouldn't pay no attention. He scooted right by the paster-bars an' took the path leadin' out into the main-road. Massy me! I was scart then! Father an' Joseph was to work in the 'tater-patch, hoein', 'side o' the road, an' would be sure to see me. I see-sawed on ole Bill's bridle, but the ole wretch kep' a-goin' on the horribel canter you ever heerd on. I'd as soon ride on the ridge-pole of a meetin'-house, any day."

"Father an' Joe, they see'd me a-comin' an' dropped their hoes, an' cut fer the road tu see what was up."

"Land an' airth! yelled father. 'Is thet you, Mahala, an' what have you been a-doin'?'"

"I didn't stop to ans'er. Ole Bill went straight by an' fetched up kerching! ag'n' the gate, so suddint as to pitch me, he'd first, into the haylock bush. Mother, she'd see me a-comin' an' run down tu the gate to see what the matter was."

"Mahala Green," sez she, 'I see tu you, what on nirth hev you got on, an' what hev you been up to?'"

"Purty question to ask, sez I, mad as a wet hen. 'Can't you see it's me, 'thout askin'? You old wretch, sez I, breakin' off a switch from the haylock an' hittin' ole Bill, like all posset, over his head an' ears; 'take that, an' that, an' that!'"

"Father," yelled mother, 'hurry! Mahala's gone ravin' distracted! an' she made a grab fer me.'"

"Jes! let me alone, sez I, 'an' fer goodness' sake, stop yer

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Our Arm-Chair.

Editors and Authors.—To a note—giving our views regarding a returned manuscript, the author thus rejoins:

"Mrs. Eborr.—Even such a letter as I received from you just now does not discourage me, though it makes me impatient. I'm one of the irascible. I don't believe in failure as long as perseverance and work will bring success. I dare say you had a good and sufficient reason for writing as you did—though your letter was just the least bit unpalatable. I'm determined to write, and keep on writing. If I can't do well, I'll try to do as well as I can. I'm going to keep on sending you my best, in whatever line, knowing that you will treat me fairly; that is, unless you write that you have had enough of me. In that case, I shall try some one else. I should be very sorry to hear it, but it would not discourage me entirely."

We quote this for a twofold purpose, first, because it betrays a spirit that is commendable; and second, because it will serve as a text for remarks we have to offer.

The return by, of a manuscript, by no means should discourage the author, as we have often stated. We, in fact, reject many admirable productions, which can be and are oftentimes used elsewhere. Our reasons for such rejection it is simply impossible to explain, but generally we may say they are not adapted to our particular want. Charles Reade or Wilkie Collins, for instance, write good novels, but any American editor conversant with the requirements of a popular journal knows they are worth infinitely less to him than a good home author, who can touch the reader's mental pulse every time.

We choose, or try to do so, that which will excite the most interest in the greatest number of readers, and though we may sometimes fail to discriminate correctly we are confirmed, by each week's experience, and by comparing our issues with other papers less carefully edited, in the opinion that it is less what is put in a paper than what is kept out that gives that paper its true value. The author may feel hurt, or slighted, at a declaration of a contribution. If he could he or she see the mass before us every day, from which to choose, the little irritation would end in surprise that we do not return half of the mass without even the trouble of reading.

We not only read all carefully but consider some of those selected for use a second time—thus to reach "the inevitable best," without a particle of predilection or prejudice, for or against an author. With all this care matter sometimes is accepted which is not fully to our taste or requirements because it is the best that is offered of its kind, and comes so near to our standard as to "pass muster."

All of this authors should consider, nor jump at the hasty conclusion that we have done them an injustice because that which they prepared for us and we rejected is accepted and used elsewhere. While we reject, as we have said, a great many contributions that have points of excellence, we refuse a far greater number that are inferior and imperfect; and, seeing such work in print, in some other weekly, is indeed no proof of literary excellence but rather a decisive indication that other papers are content with an inferior grade of matter. Such matter is cheap, of course—which really is the secret of its adoption and use, in the sources indicated.

The idea we wish to impress on all our writers is, that a contribution to be available, must be the best of its kind. We want no experiments, nor "first efforts," nor ill-digested conceptions in our pages. The reader would justly turn away from such composition if we, for any reason, gave them place. The reader's discrimination is, usually, very sharp, and, in the main, a correct guide to what is desirable and what is not. Hence, the aim of author and editor alike should be to give the reader the most pleasure and satisfaction. When the editor decides that the author has not proffered what will do this, he would be doing both the public and the publisher great injustice to use the contribution. At least so we think, and so we shall be governed in our conduct of this paper, which, we are proud to know, is regarded by the trade and by the reading public, as one of the best family and fireside journals now published in this country.

"Just the Ticket!"—Some of the best and most pertinent suggestions come in the delicate guise of satire and song. Take up any popular song-book and you'll find a perfect mine of sharp, incisive wit and wisdom. It is this quality, indeed, of these song-books which makes them so popular among "the masses," who find in them excellent reading and good advice. Not one purchaser in forty knows or cares for the tunes to the songs; all they want are the words. One of the newest of these "people's own" songs is called, "Go and Learn a Trade," in which, among other pertinent points, is this:

"The country's full of 'nice young men,'
Who from their duty shrink;
Who think 'twould crush their family pride,
If they should go to work;
Take off your coat (your father did)
And find some honest maid,
Who'll help you make your fortune when
You've learned an honest trade."

So true that every girl ought to learn that song, and hum it in the ears of the "nice young man" who thinks a "clerkship" more respectable than a trade; and it should be blown with a French horn in the ears of every young man or woman who thinks a trade is a disgrace. In the good time coming the young man who learns a trade will be just as "nice" as though he had become a Wall street kite-flyer. May that good time hurry along!

Chat.—Dio Lewis, we are informed, advises all ladies who would preserve the freshness of their complexion to eat beans. Prof. Agassiz recommends all brain-workers to eat fish. So good looks and intellect is all a matter of beans and fish; but how are we to account for the anomaly of exquisite complexions in those who abominate beans, or of great intellectual capacity in those who never eat fish? The fact is that men with hobbies are very irrational advisers. The only true philosophy of health and activity is to eat and drink what the system craves or thoroughly enjoys. If it is meat-eat that; if it is starch elements—eat potatoes and rice; if it is gluten and phosphorus—eat bread. If coffee is enjoyable and digestible, drink coffee. If you do not like beans or fish touch neither, no matter what Dio Lewis or any other hobbyist preaches. The fold-rol of these specialists is sometimes absurd and sometimes injurious. Dio Lewis, for instance, believes in eating but two meals in each twenty-four hours. Tell that to the "marines." It is like a good many other propositions, which when accepted in theory are rejected in practice as both impracticable and inconsistent with health and happiness.

SEASONABLE REFLECTIONS.

THIS is, to me, a sad and melancholy season! The youth, the vernal beauty of the year, are things of the past. The wealth of summer flowers, with their perfumy breaths, an indefinite variety of form and coloring, lie prone upon the earth, their glory vanished, their mission ended! The branches of the fruit-trees are bare of fruit, and the umbrageous foliage of the sycamore and horse chestnut that afforded us such delicious shade from the hot rays of the sun in the long bright summer days, is no longer visible. Each bitter, frosty breath of wind robs the boughs more and more; the dry and almost colorless leaves come drifting by twos and threes down to the ground, with a rustling, eerie, melancholy sound, and one feels to one's heart inmost core, that the year is dying—passing away.

The fields of golden grain are no longer in beauty before our eyes. The sickle has been at work, and laid the drooping pennons low; and the busy hand of the reaper has safely gathered the ripened harvest into his barn.

And perhaps, since that corn was scattered into the soil, another reaper has visited the homes of some of us, carrying away with him our fairest blossoms, our choicest seedlings, the kindly trees that sheltered us—just the plants that most gladdened our eyes, that we cherished with the tenderest care—in all our garden! heedless of our tears, our supplications, and prayers! God help and comfort those who have been so visited. Let us also be pitiful and sympathizing toward those afflicted ones, oh, my brothers and sisters. Only hard experience can teach how bitter is the trial to the loving heart, when the object of its closest and dearest affections is taken suddenly away from earthly sight and contact forever!

Ah me! what a blank in all things, when the beloved is gone. How we yearn with the whole strength of the soul's sad longing—the affection stronger than death—for tidings of the departed; for a look, a tone—just one word—to assure us that all is well with them—and yet, how dumbly, how utterly silent! how totally unheard, apparently, our imploring cries! The grave has covered from sight the well-remembered lineaments, and it seems to us at times, as if all hopes, all earth—even of heaven, were over. Our very faith is blinded by the darkness of our heavy sorrow, we are tossed on the stormy ocean of despair, and above and around, there is no light!

Oh, let us have compassion on these shattered hearts, and judge not too hardly, or contrast too complacently, their wavering faith with ours, which, if firm, may as yet, have been untried. God alone sees the struggle, the agony, and the temptation, and He will be merciful to all such suffering ones; let us endeavor to be so too. Doubtless, through prayer and patient resignation, the deep, surging waves will presently subside, and above the turmoil of the waters, they will hear in their inner consciousness, the "still, small voice," say to them lovingly, "Peace, be still." Later, let us hope their fainting spirits will be cheered by our Savior's own promise given to the Israelites journeying to the land of Canaan, "the land overflowing with milk and honey," a promise that still speaks to us in our pilgrim's way, as if a wandering in darkness, and ready to sink into despair, blessed words that help to sustain us, and guide us back to "our Father."

"My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

Yet another thought rises in our mind, suggested by this waning year. Does it not behoove each and all of us, to look inward, to search our hearts, and learn, if possible, whether our spirit-life is tending? Have we progressed in knowledge, and what is of far more importance, in goodness, during this year that is drawing to its close? Have our hearts become full of love, our feelings more charitable to all men, and our earnest desire more constant to do right, and act always toward others, as we would wish them to act toward us, because we know this is true religion, and that it is pleasing in the eyes of God? I do not mean mere surface kindness, and courtesy—the dead, outward forms prescribed by the laws of etiquette and good-breeding; I mean that all our actions should be swayed and prompted by real goodness of heart—not only at times when we are entertaining, or mixing in the company of our friends and neighbors, but that this goodness should permeate through all the daily minutiae of our lives, be the mainspring of operation at all periods, and to all men.

The garment of true religion must be worn aloft, friends, in every season, at home and abroad; it must, if it be thoroughly woven, warm our hearts into deeds of kindness—it must open its benevolent folds to shelter the chilled and the famishing, to clothe the naked and the poverty-stricken—and to make a pillow for the weary; it will prove sufficiently ample to throw a veil of charity over the follies and backslidings of the neighbor and the erring;—and it must so entirely cover us, that thought and love of self will be merged completely beneath its warmly circling folds.

Have we worn this garment, think you, during the year that is waning? Let us ask ourselves the question, and if, after a candid investigation of our thoughts, actions and inward motives, we feel that, to some extent, we may answer in the affirmative, we have not lived in vain. But otherwise, the conviction should that we never stand still. If we are not going forward in moral progress, we are retrograding. This idea may not enter the thoughts of many careless pleasure-seekers, but to the earnest and truthful mind, it is one that is pregnant with a solemn warning. Our life is not our own; it is given to us each moment by the Only Source of life, the Lord, who at any hour may, in His Providence, see it well to call us hence. Then should we not often remember amid the busy scenes of the world those impressive words: "Watch and pray, for the night cometh when no man can work."

Let us strive to live each day as though it were our last on earth, so will happiness and peace—the "peace that passeth all understanding"—be our blessed companions; and though the outer world of Nature may lose its brightness and beauty, its fragrance of summer flowers, and its wealth of autumn glory, yet in our hearts will fertility and gladness and

bloom reign triumphant, and we shall be blest indeed!

Times of depression will sometimes assail our spirits; peace, as clouds will often cover the serene blue of the summer sky; but trusting in a Higher Power, resting not in well-doing—working for others—forgetting self—they will pass away; and, as we know the clear depths of the everlasting canopy are still beyond the veil of cloud—the tranquillity of a heart that is fixed above, and at peace with the world itself, will reappear. And when our eyes close forever on earthly scenes and sorrows, this rest and peace will continue with ever-increasing joy and blessedness through the boundless ages of Eternity.

CAROLINE OLLIVANT.

GOOD HUMOR.

"It is better to laugh than to sighing," so runs the air; and what is better, it bears the stamp of truth. We Americans are a fun-loving people and patronize fun liberally when it is of the right stamp. The theater must have its comedian, the circus its "Mr. Merryman," and the paper its humorist. Laughter brings health. Whining breeds disease. If life were all tragedy and no comedy, there would be no occupation for the laugh-maker. The true humorist has as great a mission—and a far more difficult one, it strikes us—to fulfill as the poet. He honors himself, his calling and his hearers too much to mix profanity with his mirth; vulgarity will never mar his fun, while his wit, though sharp and keen, will never be mingled with personality. He is careful never to make fun of the feelings of others; he is never irreverent, never ungentlemanly, and is always companionable. But we labor under one great mistake when we imagine the funny man is always lively himself; we think he is free from cares and troubles—that he never has his hours of pain. He is but mortal, after all, like the rest of us, and while he is penning a humorous sketch about a raging toothache, he may be undergoing that dire affliction himself.

It is absurd for those who have for a companion the disagreeable one of Hypo to growl at those who indulge in hearty laughter, and deem them silly, for surely there is no treason in a good wholesome laugh, nor is there any harm in uttering a good joke. The laughter is rarely a mischief-plotter; his merry nature will not let him be an enemy.

If there is a boy with fun-loving spirit in a school, and he allows some of his good-natured wit to run into his composition, it is very wrong for his teacher to endeavor to crush that spirit out of him. It is the nature of some persons to be jolly, and we don't think it right to put such jollity down; it is the nature of others to be doleful and morose, and it would not be any harm to put some jollity into their compositions.

When people get "blue" they take too much physic and too many patent pills; a dose of good nature would be the best cure for their spleen.

Don't mope over your work; think of some funny incident to make you laugh while you are accomplishing it, and your task will seem the lighter. If "misery loves company," let it have some, but don't let it be of a doleful sort; it wants something to cheer and not to depress it. If you jam your finger while hammering the carpet, it won't do you any good to howl about it, even if it does pain; better make the best of it; a laugh will cause you to forget the pain, but crying will only make you feel the worse. Good-humor will make you run through the grooves of life smoother, and come out at the end of existence happier, and you will be missed ten times more than if you had lived the life of a surly and disagreeable misanthrope.

F. S. F.

Foolscap Papers.

My Late Duel.

JONES was the aggressor. I knew what an awful coward he was, and wouldn't stand fight, so I thought I would scare him to death by sending him a challenge. I was well aware he would not accept anything of the kind, so I sent it post-haste, and every where to encourage and draw it forth, and the drudgery of farm or factory is no longer imposed from necessity upon those geniuses who are bound to rise. Our Woman's World has broadened until scarcely a profession but is open to us. This is as it should be, for where woman has the ability she has gained the right to execute business without the hue and cry of masculinity raised against her. If she prefers sitting at the desk, going about and healing the sick, pleading cases, or reporting daily news, to being mistress, scullery-maid and cook in her own house—if she can make money enough to hire that domestic labor well done, and at the same time perhaps add to home comforts, and be fresher for the home evenings in the society of husband and children than if household cares had weighed upon her during the day, who can say it is not wise to choose the better and more congenial pursuit?

We can not all choose, to be sure. The art of saving must be practiced among the poorer classes, where the outer work-day world offers no remedy, but too often that very art is broad wastefulness. The truest economy consists in buying the best of all articles. The poor must clothe themselves with inferior fabrics, the work of making which is as much as need be placed upon a better article that would outwear two such, and is scarcely more than made until yielding threads require watchfulness and mending to keep it whole. And the loss of satisfaction, too, is great. Every flimsy material will early lose its freshness, it fades in the wash and in the sun, it is limp and lacks luster, and fails to impart that self-respect which thoroughly genteel, not necessarily fine, garments have in their power to impart. A good strong fabric, well made, is pretty apt to emulate the "one-hoss shay." It will look well as long as it lasts, it wears long and equally, and is serviceable until consigned to the ruin of time. Only the very poor can afford to buy a cheap article, as some writer has truthfully said before. To save pennies by doing so is to waste time and work and strength; little wonder that our housewives in straitened circumstances are never forehanded with their duties.

Neither are the more comfortably situated always wise in their expenditures. One woman will buy a summer silk because it is so cheap, only a dollar a yard, and pride herself on saving the amount, except the trimmings, by doing the whole season's sewing. The trimmings, no unimportant item, cost as much as one of those most cheap silks of linen or percale that are twice as serviceable as the silk, and to any good taste, knowing the circumstances, by far more becoming and appropriate. Fortunate woman if the long siege at the machine and stooping over the tedious "finishing" does not result in headaches and side-pains, neglected until a doctor's bill swells the cost of that cheap silk.

Work and save is a praiseworthy maxim, but work rather than save applies more tentatively in our day.

J. D. B.

NOTES of admiration—love-letters.

thought it might be more satisfactory, and satisfaction was what we wanted.

This was not allowed, because they feared thereby we would get too many balls in and perhaps too little powder.

So they loaded them.

I inquired if cork bullets were not as deadly as lead ones, but was told they were not.

It must have taxed the nerves of Jones awfully to keep as cool as he did; it was exasperating.

Everything was ready. The surgeons had a box of corks to plug up the bullet-holes as soon as they were made.

I nonchalantly asked if it wasn't the rule under the new dueling code for the seconds to do the shooting, but learned it was not.

We were to stand back to back, march straight out from each other thirty steps, and at the word, turn simultaneously around and fire.

I said that I liked the marching away from each other well enough, but if they would not get the command to halt, it would be better; or if we couldn't do that, then we might fire in the direction we were going without the trouble of stopping and turning around.

They answered that they had to go by the rules.

I said if that was the case, I would prefer blank cartridges, and to shoot away till one or the other starved to death.

They said the pistols were both well loaded with balls.

We loaded! Oh hollow mockery!

They took a cue from Jones and shot out from under my vest, and another from Jones', and a few sections of stove-pipe from around our legs, and put us back to back. I whispered to Jones that I believed both our weapons shot dreadfully low, and it would be necessary to aim well up. We were to take thirty steps and the order was given to march.

We marched.

There were more feet in my steps than you would ever imagine. I always aim to give good measure; I don't like to be stingy.

At the word we both turned and fired, and both fell.

My surgeon and second ran to me, and I told them I was mortally wounded, and would never get over it. They said I was not struck. I assured them that Jones' bullet must have gone down my throat, and if Jones was satisfied, I could force myself to be also.

Jones thought my bullet was somewhere in his ear, though both bullets were all in the eye, for I afterwards learned the seconds had loaded the pistols heavily, and put the balls in their pockets for fear of something happening.

Well, we limped back, shook hands, and swore eternal friendship. Jones even said if I ever wanted to borrow fifty cents, at any time, without security, to come to him, and if he hadn't it, he would tell me where I could get it. So much for the horrors of war.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Woman's World.

WORKING AND SAVING.

THERE is a vast difference between the two, working and saving; and where they can not go comfortably hand-in-hand, the first is the preferable alternative in solving the problem of how to get along. It is always pleasant to make new garments than to patch old ones, and, thanks to the forward spirit of the age, women are not confined nowadays to the old routine of simply saving.

I doubt if our grandmothers were happier for their thrift which was their pride than are we of their descendants who can earn a pair of stockings in the time they darned theirs, or pay for the making of a dress in a third of the time we could ourselves do the actual work. It is a grand innovation this which not only gives us the opportunity of following our own natural inclinations, but trains our tastes to the best of which we may be capable. Mothers need not sigh now that their children are not all boys, or value those only in proportion to their brawny arms and industrial energies. Real talent does not lie hidden in a napkin now; patrons are ready everywhere to encourage and draw it forth, and the drudgery of farm or factory is no longer imposed from necessity upon those geniuses who are bound to rise. Our Woman's World has broadened until scarcely a profession but is open to us. This is as it should be, for where woman has the ability she has gained the right to execute business without the hue and cry of masculinity raised against her. If she prefers sitting at the desk, going about and healing the sick, pleading cases, or reporting daily news, to being mistress, scullery-maid and cook in her own house—if she can make money enough to hire that domestic labor well done, and at the same time perhaps add to home comforts, and be fresher for the home evenings in the society of husband and children than if household cares had weighed upon her during the day, who can say it is not wise to choose the better and more congenial pursuit?

We can not all choose, to be sure. The art of saving must be practiced among the poorer classes, where the outer work-day world offers no remedy, but too often that very art is broad wastefulness. The truest economy consists in buying the best of all articles. The poor must clothe themselves with inferior fabrics, the work of making which is as much as need be placed upon a better article that would outwear two such, and is scarcely more than made until yielding threads require watchfulness and mending to keep it whole. And the loss of satisfaction, too, is great. Every flimsy material will early lose its freshness, it fades in the wash and in the sun, it is limp and lacks luster, and fails to impart that self-respect which thoroughly genteel, not necessarily fine, garments have in their power to impart. A good strong fabric, well made, is pretty apt to emulate the "one-hoss shay." It will look well as long as it lasts, it wears long and equally, and is serviceable until consigned to the ruin of time. Only the very poor can afford to buy a cheap article, as some writer has truthfully said before. To save pennies by doing so is to waste time and work and strength; little wonder that our housewives in straitened circumstances are never forehanded with their duties.

Neither are the more comfortably situated always wise in their expenditures. One woman will buy a summer silk because it is so cheap, only a dollar a yard, and pride herself on saving the amount, except the trimmings, by doing the whole season's sewing. The trimmings, no unimportant item, cost as much as one of those most cheap silks of linen or percale that are twice as serviceable as the silk, and to any good taste, knowing the circumstances, by far more becoming and appropriate. Fortunate woman if the long siege at the machine and stooping over the tedious "finishing" does not result in headaches and side-pains, neglected until a doctor's bill swells the cost of that cheap silk.

Work and save is a praiseworthy maxim, but work rather than save applies more tentatively in our day.

J. D. B.

NOTES of admiration—love-letters.

thought it might be more satisfactory, and satisfaction was what we wanted.

This was not allowed, because they feared thereby we would get too many balls in and perhaps too little powder.

So they loaded them.

I inquired if cork bullets were not as deadly as lead ones, but was told they were not.

It must have taxed the nerves of Jones awfully to keep as cool as he did; it was exasperating.

Everything was ready. The surgeons had a box of corks to plug up the bullet-holes as soon as they were made.

I nonchalantly asked if it wasn't the rule under the new dueling code for the seconds to do the shooting, but learned it was not.

We were to stand back to back, march straight out from each other thirty steps, and at the word, turn simultaneously around and fire.

I said that I liked the marching away from each other well enough, but if they would not get the command to halt, it would be better; or if we couldn't do that, then we might fire in the direction we were going without the trouble of stopping and turning around.

They answered that they had to go by the rules.

I said if that was the case, I would prefer blank cartridges, and to shoot away till one or the other starved to death.

They said the pistols were both well loaded with balls.

We loaded! Oh hollow mockery!

They took a cue from Jones and shot out from under my vest, and another from Jones', and a few sections of stove-pipe from around our legs, and put us back to back. I whispered to Jones that I believed both our weapons shot dreadfully low, and it would be necessary to aim well up. We were to take thirty steps and the order was given to march.

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WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepared in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future editors.—Deadly MSS. promptly returned only where stamped accompany the letters, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permitted in a package marked as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not wanted.

In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS., as "copy," third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper at most convenient to either end and copy, starting off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it in length or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and letter-writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention. Correspondents must look to columns for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

The following contributions we must decline, viz: "Story of a Detective," "Have Clarity," "Clemens and Thyn," "An Old Man's Dream," "The Old Homestead," "Out in the Country," "Laven Plume," "Reminiscence of the War," "Bobby's Christmas Eve," "Sadie's Revenge," "Woman's Independence," "Down by the Brookside."

We will find place for the following: "Feeding the Sparrows," "Life's Sunshine," "Wife's Love," "Bring Your Leaves," "Death of Old Year," "Get Trade," "A Half-Century Ago," "The Beauty of Love," "How She Lost Her Lover," "His Just Deserts," "Who was to Blame?" "Dreams," "The Old and the New," "The Passing Hour," "Miss Shoddy's Reception."

B. S. We do not want any more 4th page poems. MERCHANT. Consult your physician by all means. P. F. S. You are hardly yet qualified to write for the press.

H. V. C. We do not use translations of any kind. G. C. H. Write to A. S. Barnes & Co., Publishers, New York.

O. R. E. Discarded the non-originality of the contributions and destroyed them. Such attempts at imposition are discreditable.

H. D. H. Ouida "is a woman. Women have written some of the most beautiful novels in English and French literature, we are sorry to state."

OUTLEY. A knowledge of English Grammar brings with it a knowledge of punctuation. No one can write successfully for the press without a perfect knowledge of grammar.

JAR. CARBON. We have no set price for a "Dime" manuscript. Its value to us can only be determined by an examination.

Mrs. T. MARSHALL. Answered you by letter to the direction given, but letter comes back marked "no such number."

B. F. H. As we already have said, we are in nowise concerned with advertisers and their wares. If we think they are humbugs or worse their advertisements are refused peremptorily. We will pay your letter before the person named.

AMATEUR. There is no possible way to gain admission to the commission ranks of the U. S. Army save through West Point. The curriculum of study is there quite elaborate. We could not give space to the catalogue.

ST. LOUIS. We can not examine your "play." Judging by your note we should think it simply impossible for you to produce any work that any manager would examine. We have no space to give you a stage, by obtaining some minor position at some theater.

Mrs. PETER S. Strained honey will not "candy" if a tablespoonful of cream tartar, dissolved in water, be mixed with a spoonful of honey, and the scaling hot. Care must be taken not to scorch the honey. That will greatly injure its flavor.

MOTHER. We know of a good remedy for whooping cough, but it is hardly available at this season, viz: take plain well washed and bruised them well, strain them through a cloth, and sweeten with honey; for an adult one tablespoonful is a dose. This is well worth preserving, as many a child has the cough when the plantain is obtainable.

H. F. The sand around your door can be hardened by watering with soap-suds. This is better than to mix with it the sand, for it will eventually sink, a cemented surface that will resist even frost. Try it.

HOUSE, No. 2. We see nothing especially bad in your case. If the girl is false-hearted treat her with a quiet contempt, and let her fret her anatomy, of which this is a strain.

Yas all der young voman so false-hearted like you

ELEVEN YEARS AGO.

BY FRANK M. MORRIS.

"Eleven years ago to-night, love!" My voice seemed strangely sweet. My heart was filled with throbbing thoughts. My lips could not repeat. Softly he parted shading curls. To kiss my upturned face. "Darling, must I tell you all the thoughts that in her heart have place."

What came of a Snow-Storm.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

HOWARD ROCHESTER leaned back in the crimson rep arm chair that was drawn in delightful proximity to the illuminated Morning Glory in his mother's sitting-room; he reposed his feet on a chair before him, and took several extra puffs at his meerschaum before he opened the uncut pages of "Picturesque America."

"This is pleasant, isn't it, Mollie?" He turned lazily toward his sister, who sat at her sewing-machine. "I think so," she looked back at him with a smile. "But I think, too, if it was your own house and you were its master, and a certain young lady I might mention were its mistress, you might find it pleasant still."

"There you go again! as if I was cut out for a married man." "Nobody ever was cut out better, Howard; for a good son and a kind brother can not fail to make the right kind of a husband. That's so, Howard."

Mary Rochester looked over at her brother with a reproachful glance in her bright eyes, for Howard Rochester was just the handsomest fellow, and the best fellow to be found far and near. It wasn't the home folks alone who thought so—and how precious is the commendation of the family, who, while they know all our good traits as well as the less enviable ones—and "Mollie," as Howard called her, in that sweet, caressing way he had, was not the only young lady who agreed with people on the subject of Howard Rochester—a certain "other," whom Molly declared she might mention if she chose.

"See here," and Howard lifted himself up in the chair and watched the smoke wreath float up, "Mollie, honor bright, do you want me to get married?" "Do I? as if I haven't been preaching it for these two years."

brown eyes. She was a picture, and Miss Anderson saw what grace and beauty there were in it, and then she snapped out again: "Do get in, and let us get on as fast as we can. So far as I am concerned, I needn't care for Mr. Rochester's criticism. He knows what I am, at my best."

Lillene laughed a little, and flushed a little. "Why, auntie, when have you and How—Mr. Rochester ever met?" "Miss Anderson smiled severely upon her. "Don't call him 'Howard' child, when I, whose correspondence and picture he wrote to solicit, address him 'Mr.' He stands a first-rate chance to be your 'uncle,' one of these days."

Somewhat, Lillene could not laugh at the utter ridiculousness of her aunt's picture; somehow, the storm suddenly seemed to increase in discomfort, and she began to wish she was not going to meet this Mr. Howard Rochester, who, it seems, had opened a correspondence with aunt Lillene, and obtained her picture, too! and who, she felt obliged to confess, had crept into her own foolish heart, quite unawares; both by means of his card that Mary had sent, by his own messages, and his sister's eulogies.

It was singular that he should have written to aunt Lillene; how had he heard of her, or—Then the Jehu on the box sprang down, and there came a cheery ring of sleigh-bells beside them; and they saw a team of prancing horses, a large double-sleigh, and handsome Howard Rochester.

The driver poked in his head. "It's a streak of luck, ladies, that we met Mr. Rochester. Here's his own conveyance, right to the door."

Ladies, I am delighted to be of service. May I assist you to a place in my sleigh, Miss Lillene?" He extended his hand to Miss Anderson, but Lillene laughed, and reached out her hand, then drew it back, half confused, as she met his face, first grave, then full of utter surprise that deepened into an expression of decided admiration.

was such a delightful maxim to put into practice. Talk of tonics in comparison with the air, or of spirit-revivers in the same breath with a race down to Federal street and back again under circumstances such as these. The half-smile about the bearded mouth, the genial glow in his cheeks might have confined his happy spirits to a smaller scope still, might have summed the Alpha and Omega of all his exuberance in one word—Wilma.

He sprang down from the car as it turned into Federal street and crossed to the market, jostling his way through the crowd of early buyers to one of the numerous flower-stands lining the square. The vender was a boy, small and spare-faced and delicate-looking as any of the fragile plants over which he hovered. The boy's pale face brightened at sight of Hetherville.

"Good-morning, Oscar, my boy! So you are at your post already, and give satisfaction, I hope."

"I hope so, sir. You're too late for the early lot of bouquets, all sold out, and the best ones not come over yet."

"That is a pity as I have neither time to go on to the store nor to wait here. I can trust to your selection, I suppose. One of your handsomest moss-baskets with fragrant cut flowers, so delicate as to wither all at once—pinks and pansies and mignonette and the like. I'll write the address for you—Miss Wilma Wilde, No. — Western avenue. I beg your pardon, sir, but it's a deuce of a jam here."

In stepping back he had jostled a tall, soldierly-looking man who was loitering in an idle way about the market and had paused at his elbow, his eyes after one sharp, scrutinizing glance over the young man's form were fixed upon the flower-stand.

A shadow came over Erle's face. He rose hastily, pushing his chair back, and crossed to stand on the broad, old-fashioned, red-tiled hearth. A wood fire flamed in the ample throat of the chimney, and he looked into the leaping blaze with steady, absent eyes. His aunt followed and stood beside him, patting her fair, wrinkled hand upon his sleeve.

"There, never mind the old woman's interference, my dear boy. It's not natural that you and I should think alike, a spinster of three-score, and a fine young fellow of twenty-four, the greatest contrasts to be found in the world. Ethel will understand what is right better than I, be sure of that. And now I am going to see that dear boy's old room is quite in order for him. It is always kept in readiness, and Prudence has had fires there for a week, according to my instruction. Do you care to come along?"

"My dear aunt, how sorry I am to disappoint you. Poor Prudence, too, will scarcely be persuaded to forgive the cold shoulder I must give her attentions. The truth is, I am to return by the afternoon train."

"Erle!" screamed his aunt, aghast. "It is very important, or you should know I would not insist. I could not think of leaving you to make the trip alone, or the matter demanding my presence should not have been deferred to this hour. My dear aunt, you'll never find it in your heart to forgive me, I'm afraid, but I mean to break with Ethel."

"Erle!" It was not a scream this time, but the lowest and slowest of shocked utterances. "We will both be the better off for that which it is my duty to do. I am confident Ethel never could be happy with me as she may be, as it is her lot to deserve. But I—oh! aunt Erle—can never be happy with any one, can never know any happiness after this except with Wilma. Oh, aunt Erle! thank God with me that we are not all made miserable by the discovery coming too late."

Miss Erle seemed turned to stone. She stood looking with coldly horrified eyes upon him, her fair wrinkled face turned hard, the soft white hair which had shaded her forehead and the years of hope and pride which she had upon the fact of this projected marriage all laid waste in a moment, were like sharp pangs of remorse present with him.

than that handsome face and perfect manliness of his to overcome worse odds than simply a girl's shy hesitation and distrust of herself. His coming was none too soon, as even I can see—this society life is beginning to tell on her with a rather startling effect. I shall certainly advise a long season of travel and sight-seeing before they return to it. Gaslight and hot air and late hours will ruin any woman's looks, I suppose, if persisted in, though Gertrude stands them admirably. But then Gertrude is incomparable among women."

His complacent reflections were very comforting to Mr. Richland. The world, always disposed to treat him kindly, had for so long a time been his humble devotee that he quite overlooked the probability of any different phase ever being presented to him. His own comfort had been so well assured that it was quite out of all reason to contemplate any worse disaster than the small daily annoyances which are the gnats to buzz in the faces of the best and the greatest. His old unyielding pride and his individual satisfaction were both to receive a prop through the consummation of this alliance in every way so well calculated to gratify all concerned.

Ethel, reading all this in his kindly face, was pierced more deeply by that rambling pain within, as she steeled herself closer still to her own resolution. Come anguish to her own heart, come bitter humiliation and lasting concealed rebellions, she would not disappoint Howard, she would keep faith with Erle Hetherville in all except her hidden inner heart.

But oh, Ethel, Ethel! Had Justin Lennox's deep, earnest eyes looked into yours, had his lips formed the word and his voice said it ever so softly—"come," what then of the firm will to override all temptation? Is ever any resolution to be trusted, which has no depth of heart for its foundation? Yet with all the knowledge that should be ours the same game of cross-purposes goes on daily and hourly, and least often with the fair, happy termination of setting all straight.

It was after ten when the pale little flower-vender made his appearance. "For Miss Wilde," and the fragrant package carefully inclosed was given into Wilma's hands. She knew in a moment from whom it came while her fingers were yet busy with the silver paper unfolding it, before the little card with her address in Erle's writing assured her beyond a doubt. And conscientious little Wilma, her heart swelling with the proof of his tender remembrance, dropping her face over the fragrant mass for the briefest space, only drew away with the quick contraction which was a certain sign of troubled feeling appearing in her forehead.

"I have no right to receive them," she was thinking. "I would not—oh! for all the world, I would not be the cause of bringing sorrow to Miss Ethel. I was wrong without knowing at the first; now that I know, I must do all I can to put the wrong right. But oh! you darlings! And I see you—me! Wilma, Wilma! remember they should have come to her."

WILMA WILDE. The Doctor's Ward: OR, THE INHERITANCE OF HATE.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

CHAPTER XIV. IN THE WESTMORELAND HOME.

FOR ONE of the not frequent times of his entire indolent life, Erle Hetherville was up with the sunrise. He was all ready for departure, furred overcoat, traveling-cap, gloves half-way on, and his cigar-case in a convenient outside pocket, as a maid-servant tapped at the door and entered with a little tray in her hands.

There was coffee served in the breakfast-room if you would prefer it, Mr. Hetherville. Miss Erle is taking a cup in her own room, and the housekeeper sent this up to you. If you will come down to the breakfast room you can have oysters and an egg and muffins or rolls and no trouble whatever, with plenty of time. Miss Erle hopes you'll not mind that she's not down, and would advise you to take a light breakfast at least, sir."

"Oh, there you are, Erle. And we haven't two minutes to spare. You men always do wait for the last one, and then rush off at a way fit to break your necks. If you'll just take some of these and give me your arm down the steps, and—why, where's your valise?"

"All right; not a minute to spare, my dear aunt," responded Erle, catching her up and bearing her bodily to be placed in the waiting carriage. "And all these traps—pile 'em in anyhow at all, I suppose?"

He made a dash back into the hall for some package left, but his hasty glance around failed to reveal the sweet, smiling little face of which he had hoped to obtain a parting view. Miss Erle had taken good care of that. Her own leave-taking with Wilma had been done above, and she profusely disclaimed having the other descend at all. The discovery of Erle's absence at the last minute gave her a thrill of alarm, which changed to relief with his appearance from without. That fear of some bitter disappointment was making her nervous; she was cherishing the possibility until it began to take a Gorgon shape in her view. In her secret heart she felt that Ethel might have displayed a trifle less indifference in giving her farewell in the presence of the family after the other guests had departed on the preceding night, that she would have sacrificed no maiden reserve by coming down this morning for a last parting word. But, at the same time, had she found her nephew lingering for a farewell with Wilma, she would have most sternly resented such disloyalty as her active fears could discover toward his betrothed. That Erle would most willingly have exposed himself to the reproach was fortunately not displayed as *prima facie* evidence, and Miss Erle's ruffled equanimity grew calm again.

A few hours later they sat over a late breakfast in the old Erle mansion, shut in by Westmoreland hills, and overlooking the straggling Westmoreland village.

"Home again," sighed the lady in thankful aspiration. "It's true as gospel, Erle."

Even Hetherlands would never have the same charm for me that clings to every corner and crevice of the old nest here. Home! you are just in a fair way to find a realization of the word. It requires home affection to give that."

"One thing I ought to say, I suppose," she remarked then as he stooped to kiss her withered cheek. "I always meant to make you my heir, Erle, not that you needed any thing more, but of kith and kin of mine you are the last. Now—"

"Now, aunt Erle, there shall be no question of your disposal of any thing. At least one flaw which has troubled me before this shall have gone from between us. I never want any thing but the old love back again."

He went a little more sorrowful and gloomy, and thereafter into the fondling, than his happy spirit of the morning could have deemed possible.

"I am sure I don't see what on earth we are going to do, Lillene! Here it is, snowing so fast that we can hardly see the horses' heads, and the wheels of the carriage blocked so we can not get a half-mile further."

Miss Anderson turned a remarkably sour visage toward the fresh, rosy-cheeked girl who sat opposite her.

"It is so bad as that, auntie? Let me get out and survey the condition of affairs. How far is it to Mrs. Rochester's?"

Lillene raised her sweet, clear voice to the cab-driver—a slow-coach sort of fellow, but the best attainable at the village depot.

She was passing in the dusk but turned back

Light 11 special regime no enregistrement

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some faint horizontal lines and minor discoloration or foxing, characteristic of old paper. The page is set against a dark background.

my com-
cothe. The settlers know of Ke-ne-ha's in-

to reconcile the girl to her fate, or, at any rate,

it will serve to rob her captivity of half its terrors."

"Better speak to Kate right away."

"I will."

Then the two returned to the girl.

"Kate, my friend, I want you to do a little favor for me," said Kendrick.

"What is it?" asked Kate, and even as she spoke the thought came into her mind that the favor had something to do with the captive maid.

"There is a white girl in the village, not exactly a prisoner to the Indians, for I intend to marry her, but still, she is not free. I would like to have you take charge of her; do all you can to make her contented with and accept the fate that is before her. I will pay you well for the service."

"What is her name?" and not a muscle of Kate's face betrayed that she knew what the name would be even before it was spoken.

"Virginia," replied Kendrick, after hesitating for a moment, but then an instant's reflection convinced him that it would be folly to attempt to conceal the name of his prisoner.

"Very well, I will do it," said Kate, quietly.

"I told you I thought she would," said Kendrick, with an air of satisfaction.

"She is in yonder wigwam," and Kendrick pointed to one that stood by the bank of the Scioto, a hundred paces or so from where they were.

"I will take good care of her," Kate said, and neither of the two that stood by her side guessed the double meaning conveyed in her words.

And so Kate was placed to guard the captive Virginia. In her heart two passions struggled for supremacy. The fate of her rival was in her hands. Would she save or crush her?

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE GREAT MEDICINE.

KE-NE-HA-HA gazed at the old Medicine Man in astonishment, not unmixed with awe.

"Did the great chief hear that? Did my father say that he could show the Wolf Demon to Ke-ne-ha-ha?"

"Yes," the Great Medicine of the Shawnee nation can raise the dead—can bring the evil spirit—the Wolf Demon—from the air, the earth or from the fire where he has his wigwam," chanted the old Indian.

For a few moments in silence the Shawnee chief looked upon the Great Medicine.

"My father speaks straight," he said, at length, breaking the silence. "His tongue is not forked. Is the Wolf Demon an Indian devil?"

"No, white."

"White?" and the chief started.

"Yes, as white as the Ohio waves when the Great Spirit lashes them with his storm-whip, and they bind white plumes around their scalp-locks."

The chief pondered with moody brows. The old Indian from the covert of his blankets watched him with searching eyes.

"Then the Great Medicine can show me the Wolf Demon?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Does the chief see that green stick?" and the old Indian pointed to the fire.

"Yes."

"When that stick becomes a flaming brand, then turn to a blackened coal, the Wolf Demon will be here."

"In this wigwam?" asked the chief, in wonder.

"Yes."

"Why not before?"

"The Wolf Demon is far down below the earth. His home is in the fire that burns in the mouth of the tortoise that carries the earth on his back. He can not come in an instant. The Great Medicine knew that Ke-ne-ha-ha would seek his counsel before the young moon died. He knew that the chief would wish to see the Wolf Demon, and he summoned him from the land of shadows long ago. But for that, the chief would not be able to have his wish gratified tonight."

"The Wolf Demon will come, then?" and instinctively Ke-ne-ha-ha's hand sought the handle of his tomahawk as he spoke.

"Yes; the chief is wise to prepare, for the Wolf Demon comes to take his life."

"Ah!" and Ke-ne-ha-ha's eyes shot lurid fires as he uttered the simple exclamation.

"Does the chief fear?"

"What! the white devil? ugh! Ke-ne-ha-ha's heart is like rock. He does not fear."

"Then the chief will meet and fight the Wolf Demon?" asked the Great Medicine.

"Yes, if the Wolf Demon comes, the chief will fight him. Many great warriors have fallen by the tomahawk of the Wolf Demon. He is a coward. He does not attack the Shawnee braves like a warrior and a man. He creeps behind them in the forest like a cat and strikes them in the back. He will not dare to meet Ke-ne-ha-ha, face to face."

"See, the green stick is burning," and the Medicine Man looked toward the fire as he spoke.

"When it is ashes, the chief will stand face to face with the Wolf Demon. He will tremble like a squaw when he sees the white man's devil."

"The Great Medicine is wise, but he lies when he says that Ke-ne-ha-ha will tremble!" cried the Shawnee chief, anger sparkling in his eyes.

"The great fighting-man of the Shawnee nation never turned his back to mortal foe, either red or white-skinned warrior. Why should he fear the devil that hides in the wood, and who, like a coward, strikes his foes in the back?" And Ke-ne-ha-ha drew himself up proudly, as he spoke.

"The chief has the heart of a lion; it is a pity that he should die like the snake," said the old Indian, slowly.

"When the chief dies it will be upon the war-path!" exclaimed the Shawnee brave, in defiance; "a hundred scalps will hang at his belt—his hand will be red with the blood of his foe. When he enters the happy hunting-grounds, the chiefs will bow in homage to him, and say, 'Here is a great warrior; welcome.'"

"The chief is wrong," said the Great Medicine, slowly; "he will not die on the war-path. The Great Medicine sees the future. It is clouded to all other eyes but his. His heart is Shawnee—it is torn with anguish when he reads the future and sees the desolation and dismay that must come upon the Shawnee nation. Before his eyes is a sea of blood, not white blood but red, the blood of the Indian."

Over the brow of the chief came a gloomy cloud as he listened to the prophetic words of the old man.

His heart sunk within him as he heard the prophecy of disaster and death.

"Does the Great Medicine read the future straight?" he asked, anxiously. "Is not the blood that he sees, the blood of the white settlers by the banks of the Ohio? the blood of the false-hearted, crooked-tongued chiefs who have stolen the lands of the red-men and whose mouths are full of lies?"

Sorrowfully the old Indian shook his head.

"The blood is the life-current of the Shawnees, the Mingoes, the Wyandots and the Hurons. The heart of the Great Medicine is sad, but he must speak the truth."

"Then the expedition of the Shawnee chief

against the whites on the Ohio will be defeated?" asked Ke-ne-ha-ha, with a frown upon his face.

"Yes."

"The chief will go if he had ten thousand lives to lose and knew that by the act he would sacrifice them all," said the Shawnee, proudly, and with an air of dogged defiance.

"The chief has but one life to lose, and he will lose it in the Shawnee village by the banks of the Scioto," said the Great Medicine.

Ke-ne-ha-ha started as the words fell upon his ears, and a look of anger swept over his face.

"Will the chief die by the hand of a spy—a snake who will creep into the Shawnee village to strike him in the back?"

"No, Ke-ne-ha-ha will be killed in a fair and open fight, but he will be killed in the midst of the Shawnees and die in one of the wigwams of his own people."

The chief looked puzzled at the strange words of the old Indian.

"Ke-ne-ha-ha does not understand; will my father speak straight?"

"The chief does not fear then to learn the future?"

"No," said the Shawnee warrior, proudly.

"Not even when he is to hear of the manner of his death?"

"A warrior must die some time. Ke-ne-ha-ha is ready when the Great Spirit calls him."

"Good," the Great Medicine will speak then. He must speak words that cause him tears of blood, for they tell of the death of the Shawnee chieftain."

"Ke-ne-ha-ha's ears are open—he listens."

"Before the moon dies, a terrible figure will be in the Shawnee village. All fly from its path—the birds of the night, the insects of the earth—for it is not of human mold. The moonbeams shining in fear will show the figure of a huge gray wolf. The wolf walks on its hind legs like a man. It has the face of a human, and it is striped with war-paint, black and white. In its paw it carries a tomahawk—the edge is crusted with blood that dims the brightness of the steel. The blood comes from the veins of some of the best warriors of the Shawnee nation. The Little Crow hunted the brown deer in the woods of the Scioto. He came not back. His brother found him in the forest dead—the print of a tomahawk in his skull and a Red Arrow graven on his breast. Watega is another great brave of the Shawnee nation. Not two sleeps ago he went with the white red-men—the renegades—on a scout. He has not come back to his wigwam, though the others have returned. His squaw sits in his lodge and wonders where he is. He will never come back. In a little while on the other side of the Ohio is his body—a tomahawk cut in the skull, and on his breast the totem of the Red Arrow."

Ke-ne-ha-ha started. The death of Watega, who was one of his favorite warriors, startled him.

"Watega dead!" he cried, hardly willing to believe the news.

"The Great Medicine has said that he sleeps the long sleep that knows no waking," chanted the old Indian; his voice coming from beneath the blankets wrapped around his head like a voice from the tomb.

"How can my father know that Watega is dead?" demanded the chief, obstinately refusing to believe.

"Does the Shawnee chief question the power of the Great Medicine, and yet come to him for advice?" said the old Indian, with an accent of scorn in his voice.

"My father is sure?"

"Yes."

"Watega was a great warrior; peace be with him," said the chief, solemnly.

"Little Crow and Watega fell by the tomahawk of the Wolf Demon in the forest, and not an hour ago the Red Leaf met his death by the Scioto, and the Wolf Demon dealt the blow."

Ke-ne-ha-ha saw the slain brave, the last victim of the white devil," the chief said, sorrowfully.

"No, the chief is wrong; not the last victim, for another Shawnee has felt the keen edge of the tomahawk of the Wolf Demon since the Red Leaf died by his hand."

"Another of my braves killed!" cried Ke-ne-ha-ha, in wonder and in anger.

"Yes, two have had the totem of the Red Arrow graven on their breasts since the moon rose."

"And who was the other?"

"The Great Medicine can not tell the chief now, but the chief will know when the sick burns to ashes and the Wolf Demon comes."

"But the fate of Ke-ne-ha-ha?"

"The red chief will fall by the tomahawk of the Wolf Demon."

There was silence for a few moments in the wigwam.

Over the face of the Shawnee chief came a look of stern resolution. There was no trace of fear in the bearing of the Shawnee.

"Let my father keep his word and bring the white devil," Ke-ne-ha-ha said, breaking the silence. "The Great Spirit wills that the chief of the Shawnee nation is to die by the hand of the scourge of his race, Ke-ne-ha-ha is content. But he will fight the Wolf Demon before he dies."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE STORY OF THE WOLF DEMON.

THE little fire sputtered as the flame cat into the heart of the green stick.

The light chased and toyed with the dark shadows that lurked, assassin-like, in the corners of the Indian lodge.

Ke-ne-ha-ha, with a resolute but gloomy brow, looked upon the old Indian, who sat like a vampire by the embers.

"My father will keep his word?" the chief said, after a silence of long duration.

"Watch the green stick—when it is ashes the Wolf Demon will stand before the chief."

The Shawnee brave gazed upon the Great Medicine in wonder.

"My father is a Great Medicine, to be able to call the white man's devil."

"The Great Spirit wills that the Wolf Demon should come," the Medicine Man does not bring him. He only knows that he is coming."

"Can my father tell me one thing more?" asked the chief, after thinking for a moment.

"Let the Shawnee brave speak; then the Great Medicine can answer," returned the old Indian, ambiguously.

"The chief will speak," said Ke-ne-ha-ha, decidedly. "The Wolf Demon has slain many a great brave of the Shawnee nation. He is only seen by the banks of the Scioto. He strikes only at the Shawnees. Why does not the white man's devil kill also the Wyandot and the Mingo warriors? Why does Shawnee blood alone stain the edge of his tomahawk?"

"The chief is anxious to know why?"

"Yes; can my father tell?"

"The Great Medicine of the Shawnees can tell all things, either in life or death. Let the chief open his ears, and he shall hear."

"Ke-ne-ha-ha listens," said the chief, curtly.

"The Wolf Demon is a white devil, and he hates the Shawnees. He does not hate the Mingo warrior or the Wyandot brave, only the Shawnee."

"But why should he hate the warriors that Ke-ne-ha-ha leads?"

"Because when the Wolf Demon was on earth they did him wrong."

The chief started.

"The Wolf Demon has lived, then, a human?"

"Yes."

"Will my father tell how that can be?"

"Yes; listen." The Great Medicine paused for a moment, as if to collect his thoughts, then again he spoke:

"Twelve moons ago a song-bird dwelt in the wigwams of the Shawnees, in the village of Chillicothe, by the side of the Scioto. She was as fair as the rosy morn, as gentle as the summer wind, as little and graceful as the brown deer. She was called the Red Arrow."

"The Great Medicine speaks with a straight tongue—no Red Arrow was the daughter of the great fighting-man of the Shawnee nation. The chief now mourns for the loss of his flower." Ke-ne-ha-ha spoke sadly, and a gloomy cloud was on his brow as the words came from his lips.

The Singing Bird was called the Red Arrow—a name fit more for a chief and a warrior than a bounding fawn—because when she was born the Great Spirit marked her arrow—his totem—on her breast. Over her heart blazoned the mystic sign, yet her nature was as gentle as the pigeon's, though she bore the totem of slaughter."

"What my father says is true," said the chief. "All the Shawnee tribe know of the daughter of Ke-ne-ha-ha and of the mystic totem that she bore on her breast."

"But do all the Shawnee chiefs know of the manner of her death?"

The great chief started at the question and cast a searching glance into the face of the Great Medicine; that is, he would have looked into the face of the old Indian had not the blankets, wrapped around his head, hid it from the gaze of the chief.

"Does not my father know how the daughter of Ke-ne-ha-ha died?" asked the chief, slowly.

"Perhaps the Great Medicine has heard, but his memory is bad—he is an old man. Will the great chief tell him?"

"The Red Arrow left the wigwams of her people to wander in the forest. There she was eaten up by a bear. Ke-ne-ha-ha and a few of his chosen warriors searched for her and discovered her fate."

"The great chief lies to the Medicine Man," said the old Indian, calmly.

Fire flashed from the eyes of the chief, and he advanced a step with a threatening gesture toward the old Indian.

"Does the chief come with lies in his mouth into the sacred wigwam and then dare to raise his hand in violence to the Great Medicine Man because the Great Spirit bids his oracle speak the truth?" said the old Indian, sternly.

With an exclamation of anger, Ke-ne-ha-ha stepped back to his former position.

"The chief forced himself—he did not mean to offer him to the Great Medicine Man."

"It is well. Mortal man can not harm the tongue of the Great Spirit. The Spirit-fires that flash from the storm-cloud would strike unto death the warrior that dares to lift his hand in menace to the Great Medicine of the Shawnee tribe."

With an expression of awe upon his features the chief listened to the words of the old Indian.

"Let my father forgive and forget," Ke-ne-ha-ha said, slowly.

"The Great Medicine will tell the Shawnee chief the fate of the Red Arrow. She wandered from the wigwams of her people because she had fallen in love with a pale-face—a hunter, whose cabin was by the Ohio and Muskingum. She left home, kindred, all, for the sake of the long rifle. She became his squaw. Does the Great Medicine speak truth?"

"Yes," Ke-ne-ha-ha answered, slowly and reluctantly.

"It is good. Does the chief see that it is useless to deceive the Great Medicine, who can look into men's hearts and read what is written there?"

"My father is wise."

"The Great Spirit has made him so," answered the old Indian, solemnly.

"The Great Medicine knows the fate of the Red Arrow?" Ke-ne-ha-ha asked.

"Yes; the Shawnees found her in the lodge of the pale-face. They asked her to return to her people. She refused, for she loved the white hunter. Then the chiefs went away, but when the sky grew dark, covered by Manitou's mantle, again the Shawnee warriors stood by the lodge of the pale-face who had stolen from her home the singing-bird of the Shawnees. The brands were in their hands, the keen-edged scalping-knives in their belts. They gave to the fire the lodge of the pale-face, and while the flames roared and crackled, they shot the Red Arrow dead in their midst."

"The Shawnee woman who forsakes her tribe for a pale-face stranger deserves to die," said the chief, sternly.

"The chief speaks straight, for with his own hand he killed his daughter, the Red Arrow."

"And would also kill Le-a-pah, his other singing-bird, if she left the village of her fathers to sing in the wigwam of a white-skin," exclaimed Ke-ne-ha-ha, with stern accents.

"It is good."

"Why has my father told of the death of the bird who flew from her nest to dwell with the stranger?"

"Does not the chief wish to know why the Wolf Demon kills only the Shawnee warriors?"

"Yes; but what has that to do with the dead singing-bird?" Ke-ne-ha-ha said, puzzled.

"Does not the Wolf Demon leave his totem on the breast of his victims a Red Arrow?"

The chief started. For the first time the thought that the mark of the Wolf Demon and the name of his murdered daughter were alike, flashed across his mind.

"Why does the Wolf Demon take for his totem a Red Arrow?" demanded the chief.

"Let the chief open his ears and he shall hear," said the old Indian, gravely. "When the lodge of the white hunter was burnt to the ground, and the body of the singing-bird lay before the warriors disfigured by the flames, they looked for the white hunter but could not find him."

"He was not in the lodge when my braves attacked it," interrupted the chief.

"Ke-ne-ha-ha is wrong. The white hunter was in the lodge. He saw the singing-bird fly from life to death, and was wounded by the bullets of the Shawnee warriors; then, when the lodge fell he was buried beneath the ruins. The eyes of the red braves were sharp, but they did not discover the wounded and helpless white-skin under the blackened logs. The red chiefs went away, satisfied with their vengeance. The white brave lay between life and death. A huge gray wolf came from the forest. He found the senseless man under the logs. The forest beast was hungry; he thirsted for human blood. The great gray wolf eat up the wounded white-skin. The body of the white hunter went to the stomach of the wolf; it died, but the soul of the white hunter lived. It did not fly from the body but went with it. The soul of

the wolf was small, the soul of the white hunter large, and the large soul eat up the little one. The wolf became a wolf with a human soul. The soul remembered the wrong that the Shawnee warriors had done its body; it burned for revenge. It made the wolf walk erect like a human; it taught him to carry in his paw the tomahawk of the red-man—to steal upon the Shawnee chiefs in the forest—to give their souls to the dark spirit and to graven on their breasts the totem of the Red Arrow. Thus the soul keeps alive the memory of the squaw that the Shawnee warriors killed."

The chief listened with amazement.

"How long will the wolf who has a human soul, be an avenging angel to give to the death the warriors of my tribe?" the chief asked.

"How many warriors were with Ke-ne-ha-ha when he killed the Red Arrow?"

"Ten."

"Where are they now?"

The chief started. Of the ten warriors not one was living. All were dead, killed by the Wolf Demon. Each one bore the mark of the Red Arrow.

"Only one remains, Ke-ne-ha-ha, the great chief of the Shawnee nation. He will die by the tomahawk of the human wolf, and then the Demon will go to the land of shadows."

With a sharp crack, the green stick snapped in two. The fire had eaten to the core. The Medicine Man arose.

"Let the chief prepare. The Wolf Demon is near."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 190.)

Field Sports and Pastimes.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

BASE-BALL.

THE COLLEGE CLUB SEASON OF 1873.

ONE of the most noteworthy features of the base-ball season of 1873 has been the brilliant play shown by the leading college nines of the country, the season's record showing contests which have never been equaled in the annals of the amateur arena.

We are glad to note this fact, for, eventually it will be to the college nines of the country. North, South, East and West, that we shall have to look for the finest displays of the beauties of the game and the most exciting—because earnest and legitimate—contests of each season.

The professional clubs will always have the material at command no doubt to make the best displays and to play the strongest games, but unfortunately the evil influences which seem to be necessarily connected with some professional nines, render it doubtful whether this class of players will at all times exert themselves to their utmost to win, and hence much of the interest which would otherwise be attached to their contests will be lost. This can not occur in the cases of contests between rival college nines, for the *esprit de corps* and the earnest desire to carry off the palm of superiority must necessarily lead to the most strenuous efforts for success on every occasion of a match. We look forward to the day when the annual base-ball matches between the leading nines of our American colleges will become as interesting and exciting as are the inter-collegiate contests at cricket in England.

The past season of 1873 sees the championship of the college nines wrested from the grasp of the Harvards by the strong nine of the Jersey club of Princeton College, the record of this club though brief, being one marked by some very signal triumphs and noteworthy displays of the beauties of the game. The Princeton College nine opened their regular match season early in May with a victory over the crack amateur nine of Brooklyn, the Chelseas, the score being 13 to 1. Flushed with their success, they went for Yale rather prematurely, and received a lesson at the hands of the University nine to the tune of a 9 to 2 defeat. They now got their nine well in hand, captured Yale on the return match by 10 to 9, and then attacking Harvard in their stronghold at Cambridge, came off triumphant in one of the best contested games of the season, the Princetonians winning by a score of 3 to 1 in a full nine innings game, it being the best played college game on record. They now tried their skill against a professional nine, and meeting the Resolute at Princeton they defeated them by a score of 6 to 2. This ended their May contests, and out of the five games played they had won four. Afterward they defeated the same professional nine of Irvington by 81 to 7, and again defeated the Chelsea nine after an eleven innings contest, and in their closing game with the professional Athletics they kept the Philadelphia score down to 5 runs. Below we give the "champion's" record for 1873.

VICTORIES.

May 8, Princeton vs. Chelsea..... 12 1

May 21, Princeton vs. Yale..... 10 9

May 22, Princeton vs. Harvard..... 3 1

May 14, Yale vs. Resolute (professional)..... 6 2

June 7, Princeton vs. Lafayette College..... 26 11

Sept. 27, Princeton vs. Irvington..... 31 7

Oct. 1, Princeton vs. Chelsea (eleven innings)..... 15 4

Oct. 16, Princeton vs. Trenton..... 37 3

Oct. 18, Princeton vs. Yale..... 18 4

Total..... 168 59

DEFEATS.

May 10, Yale vs. Princeton..... 9 2

June 12, Athletics vs. Princeton..... 22 6

May 14, Atlantic vs. Princeton..... 9 3

Nov. 7, Athletics vs. Princeton..... 5 0

Total..... 52 11

Glancing over the record of games played by college club nines with each other and with other amateur nines we find the following record of games in which the scores on the winning side did not exceed ten runs:

Princeton vs. Harvard..... 3 1

Rose Hill vs. Arlington..... 4 3

King Philip vs. Tufts College..... 7 3

Yale vs. Princeton..... 9 2

King Philip vs. Harvard..... 8 6

The following is the Harvard club (ex-champions) record for 1873 as far as we have been able to obtain scores:

April 3, Harvard vs. Boston (professional)..... 5 12

April 19, Harvard vs. Boston (professional)..... 0 22

April 26, Harvard vs. Boston (professional)..... 4 12

May 10, Harvard vs. Boston (professional)..... 5 11

May 21, Harvard vs. Boston (professional)..... 7 14

May 23, Harvard vs. Princeton..... 1 3

A DETERMINED SUICIDER.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Discarded by Malinda Jones,
Poor Mingo was quite undone;
If forty thousand saddest words
Were boiled down into one
It wouldn't by four hundred miles
Express the injury done.

Alas the misery of life
And heartlessness of maid!
This young man wrote per postal-card,
"Kiss me, my happiness fades;
You never will see my face again,
For I shall seek the shades."

He swore in the canal he'd plunge,
Into its depths to sink;
With frenzy rolling in his eye
He paused upon the brink
And cried, "Farewell to grief and pain,"
And went and took a drink!

He got possession of a gun
That always shot quite true,
And bullets not a few;
He put the muzzle to his head
And—though it wouldn't do!

For Rat Exterminator then
He to the druggist sped,
And on some bread that deadly stuff
He very thickly spread;
And wildly ate three-quarters of
Another slice of bread!

To show how earnestly intent
He was on being slain,
He sought the influence of cast-steel
To get relief from pain;
He drew a dagger keen, and plunged
It in his chest again.

Beneath the engine's grinding wheels
He swore to end his woes,
And as the train came thundering up
Oh, horror! see he throws—
All thoughts of suicide aside,
And somewhere else he goes.

The Blind Ford.

A TALE OF THE KICKAPOO RAID.

BY LAUNCE PONTNET.

"Tell ye, Gin'ral, it's the only way ye'll ever catch them. They don't come over hyar without knowin' pretty well where the sogers are, and ye mout chase them from here to Maine without ketchin' sight of more than a stray huff-track. Ef ye don't lay in wait fur 'em at the crossings, ye mout as well stay in camp and spare yer hoss-flesh."

And old Silas shook his head wisely as he regarded the young officer by his side, whom he addressed as "General," although his shoulder-straps only bore a colonel's eagle.

Silas Hitchcock was one of the most experienced of all the frontier scouts, and his frequent expeditions through Colorado and the great western regions had given him the sobriquet of "Mountain Silas." He and the young colonel were sitting side by side on the piazza of the officers' quarters at Fort Clark, Texas, conversing in low tones, while the rapid whirl of feet and the mellow strains of a band within the great dining-hall gave token that a military ball was going on.

Colonel McDonald, brevet major-general, U. S. A., and colonel of the—th cavalry, was the district commander; and had stopped at Fort Clark to visit the post, on a tour of inspection. A ball was arranged by the officers of the post, for that evening, to enliven the tedium of a frontier garrison, and the wives and daughters of every *ranchero*, for many miles round, were dancing with the gay cavaliers of the post.

The young colonel had taken part in the festivities, but had slipped away early to the piazza, where he was conversing with the veteran scout about the frequent depredations of border Indians.

As old Silas uttered his last piece of advice, two very beautiful girls, of the true Mexican brunette style, one of whom had but a little before been flirting desperately with the handsome colonel, suddenly swept up and took their seats on the inside of the same window, by which the officer sat, on the piazza, in a rocking-chair.

"I don't see what use 'twould be to lie in wait at one crossing," said the young officer, musingly. "The raiders might hear of it, and take another. I see no way to do but—"

Here he started violently, as old Silas suddenly pinched his knee, and burst into a loud laugh, pointing through the window at an unlucky officer and his partner, who had come to grief together by slipping on the ball-room floor, waxed for the occasion. The old hunter roared with apparent amusement, and uttered a flood of sarcastic remarks in the coarse mountain style of his class, which so shocked the two girls that they hastily withdrew, uttering an indignant:

"*Madre de Dios! que palabras!*" [Mother of God, what words.]

The young colonel was deeply offended at the liberty, and was about to rebuke the uncultivated mountaineer, when Silas whispered:

"All right, Gin'ral. I know'd what I were arter. Least said afore a Greaser gal, soonest mended. Ef ye want to talk, we must go somewhar whar we kin depend on ourselves."

The district commander checked the rebuke on his lips.

"You're right, Silas," he said, thoughtfully. "Come to my quarters and consult with me."

And the two strolled away across the parade-ground.

At the fall of the moon, while a dense fog hung over the Rio Grande, two men, in citizens' clothes, but fully armed, rode through the prairie toward the timber on the north bank of the river.

Seen by daylight, one would have thought them two adventurous hunters, bolder than common, for the ground on which they rode was accounted very dangerous. Seen at night, without any company, it might easily be guessed that something beyond the common must have actuated their movements.

As they entered the screen of woodland that bordered the river, the elder and stouter of the two whispered:

"Now, Gin'ral, this hyar's the place if I hain't greatly mistook. That's a ford some-where hyar, and the Injuns knows it, but I never could track 'em myself any further than the rocks. That's a slantendicklar ridge across the river hyar, but the current runs like a mill-tail on each side. Ef we kin find the place we're lucky."

The voice was that of Mountain Silas, and the burly figure and heavy beard were those of the same individual. His companion was the slender and youthful Colonel McDonald, in plain clothes. By their horses' feet loped silently along a large hound.

The two horsemen rode into the cover and dismounted, fastening their horses in the deepest shadow, then both stole off toward the river bank, followed by the faithful dog.

"Do you think you can find the ford, Silas?" whispered the commander, as he held back a bough that threatened to make an undue rustle.

"Dunno, Gin'ral; I kin only try," was the cautious reply as the old mountaineer caught sight of the faint gleam of water through the white fog, lighted up by the moon. "That's the stream, anyway."

They stole down, and wandered up and down the banks for some little time, in doubt which way to go. The dark current rushed swiftly

along under black banks at the place where they were; and it was obvious that the ford could not exist there. The fog still hung over the waters, although the full moon above made it as light as day, and the further bank was quite invisible.

After some minutes spent in this way, the young officer halted, and spoke, in a low voice:

"I'm afraid you're wrong, Silas; there can't be any ford with this black water. We couldn't get troops across here."

The scout made no answer. He was plainly puzzled.

"I'll swear I've tracked 'em across hyar," he muttered; "and they couldn't ha' got off anywhere, except across the river. But whar they come in beats me, I swear."

Just at this moment the hound with them uttered a low, suspicious "wuff," and Silas ejaculated:

"Some un's a-comin' Gin'ral. Look to yer shootin'-irons. Injuns!"

The young officer quickly brought round his rifle, while he patted the neck of the dog and brought him close in, saying:

"Quiet, Gelert, quiet! Indians, sir! Lie low!"

Instantly the dog became as still as a statue, pressing close against his master, and looking round toward the river.

Presently they heard the regular splashing that told of some parties in the water, and Silas whispered:

"I knowed it, Gin'ral; that's the blind ford, I'll swear."

Presently the noise resolved itself into the regular tramp and splash of horses coming through the river, but the fog as yet hid every thing.

At last there was a louder splashing than ever, and something dark loomed up in the water, in the midst of the river. It was a horse and Indian rider, in a plunging movement, as if the animal was trying to regain its footing, which it had lost in the swift current.

"That's the ford," whispered Silas, excitedly. "I knowed 'twas a ridge o' rock. But, holy Moses, what's that?"

As he spoke the horseman came steadily on in the midst of the river, his horse hardly knee-deep, in the same water which flowed

found it last night by the Blind Ford of the Rio Grande, dropped from the shoulders of a woman, who rode double with a Lipan chief. Now listen: you will come with me now, and show me that ford, or—*see betide you and your lover.*"

The girl turned deadly pale, and tried to equivocate; but the colonel cut her short. He took her by the wrist, and led her forward, saying:

"It is enough. You have been to the Kickapoo camp with news of my movements. Now you shall guide me yourself, or die, with him."

And guide him she did, for she feared too much for her own safety. And that was the way that Uncle Sam's boys crossed the Blind Ford, and avenged the Indian raids, by hunting out the Kickapoos on Mexican soil.

Strange Stories.

THE WAXEN IMAGE.

A Legend of Nostradamus, the Sorcerer.

BY AGILE PENNE.

A TALL and handsome gentleman was Adrien, Count Le Barth, a Breton, born and bred, loyal to the king and faithful to the traditions that told that a lord of Brittany was always a father to his people. A brave and valiant soldier, he had served under the great Duke of Guise when, by the sudden attack at midnight upon the Ristbank fort, Calais had been wrested from the English power.

The wars were ended now, and the Breton lord had returned to his old stone castle near to the town of Rennes, and there, in his ancestral halls he had been suddenly stricken with a most strange and wondrous malady.

Stout in limb and strong in sinew, like to his hardy ancestor, who had carried the war-cry of the house of Le Barth. "For Brittany and France," to the front of many a grey field, he had served, wasting sickness that came upon him was a puzzle to the learned doctors. Their store of mineral poisons, dug from the bottom of the earth, could not reach out and re-

live eyes, like unto himself, Adrien was her son. The second, an Eastern beauty, whom he had met in a far-off land. Wild and strange in her ways, she had impressed the simple Bretons as being something more than mortal. She did not bloom long in the grim old castle, around which the stern north winds howled, and the grim spirits of old ocean danced.

Dying in the midst of a fearful storm, when the lightning's flash pale the candle's glare, and the storm winds rocked the castle gray, from the grass-grown moat to the donjon tower, the gift she left behind, a puny infant son, seemed more like a remembrance of woe than aught else.

Ten years the senior, Adrien, like to the custom of his race, had, when manhood's dawn began to gather on his chin, joined the ranks of war and proved himself worthy to be the heir of the brave race of Le Barth. But Victor, feeble and ailing, with his mother's strange eyes and stranger ways, cared not for the rough sports common to youths of his age and breeding; deep engaged in some ancient tome he studied the live-long day, and e'en borrowed a few hours of the night.

Little wonder was it then, when the younger son of the Le Barth line sought Paris to become an advocate.

Many wondered why he had not chosen the church, if his taste tended to lore and study, rather than the lower grade; but others wiser shook their heads and whispered that the wild Saracen blood of the mother still beat within the veins of the son, and could ill-brook the holy rites that told the truths of Mother Church.

And now warrior and student were face to face; the one wrestling in the relentless gripe of the King of Terrors, the other, slender as a willow, and sickly in face, but sinewy strong as steel in his body, fragile as it seemed.

"The end will come soon, Victor," the stricken man said, slowly, "how soon I care not, for I am weary of this pain. When I am gone, all here is yours."

"Speak not of that," cried the younger man, quickly; "and despair not; help may come. Even now my horse waits in the court-yard to hear me to Rennes. Worthy Simon Renois has promised me a rare cordial, which he has com-

chance I found there the rough draft of the horoscope that I drew for you, twenty-two years ago. I was anxious to learn if I had read the stars right. I consulted them anew, and from them learned of the fearful danger that threatened you. A secret foe has made a waxen figure, each feature perfect to your own; with unalloyed dew has he bathed it, and long, pointed wires has he thrust into its sides. From those wounds come the pains you feel, and on the stroke of twelve to-night, with magical arts, a silver dagger he will thrust to the heart of the image. That stroke seals your doom, if his charms be more powerful than mine. We must begin at once; rise up and face the mirror!"

Then around the chair wherein sat the count, a strange, mystic circle, formed of perfumed drugs, Nostradamus drew.

Fast sped the hours away, and many a magic sign the wizard traced, and many a powerful rhyme recited.

And on the first stroke of the bell that told the hour of twelve, a live coal from the fire Nostradamus applied to the circle, and leaping flames surrounded the count.

The mirror revealed a strange scene; an antique room, and Victor, the advocate, in its center, the waxen image fixed to the wall, and a silver dagger in his hand.

On the second stroke of the bell, the advocate raised his arm, and on the third essayed to stab the image to the heart, but at the moment, Nostradamus dextrously covered the breast of Adrien with a curiously polished steel mirror.

Then, in the great glass, the two saw a wondrous scene; the dagger had shattered and the broken point had sought the guilty heart of the advocate.

Master Nostradamus had saved the Count Le Barth.

The advocate was never seen again; Adrien recovered and lived to marry a Breton lady and see an heir to the line of Le Barth.

Beat Time's Notes.

THESE sweet winter mornings about day-break your wife wakes you up with pounding, and you pleasantly ask "What the thunder's the matter?" and before you have time to go to sleep again you hear her say: "My dear, you must get up and make the fire!" and then you go to sleep serenely. You dream of another earthquake and wake up enough to know your wife is shaking you, and you catch just enough of what she says—which includes something about a fire—to quiet your mind by another nap. You just begin to wonder by the brook-side with your first love when you wake up at a very sharp dig in the ribs and almost imagine you hear something about "making a fire," but not being sure of your ears you go to sleep, when you begin to dream of falling down-stairs and find your wife is shaking you up again, and you ask what it is, and she says, "Get up and make that fire," and you observe "Is that all?" and are no awake: any more. You wander through the walls of the United States Mint, knowing that it all belongs to you, and hear somebody yelling, and you turn around and find it is your wife's voice, with "fire" at the end of it, and you say "Yes, yes, I forgot it," and make a desperate move to jump right up, and go right to sleep again, and only wake up to hear something about a fire, which you imagine you have heard before, and go to sleep on the strength of it, to wake up again to find yourself kicked nearly out of bed. So you go to the stove and see that there is nothing there to make a fire with, and you have an impulse to jump back into bed again, but you go out into another room and get some kindlings, without your overcoat on, of course, throw them into the stove any way, touch a match to them (the fourth one only strikes), and pile into bed with a short prayer of thanks, and, getting warm again, go to sleep, and are brought back from it again to hear your wife say tenderly that your fire has gone out. You smother the least little bit of profanity in the bed-clothes, and, vowing you will make that fire burn if you freeze, you get up, light it again, and shiver over it until it does burn, thinking that the winter would be a nice season if the cold weather was only out of it.

I HAVE one of the most wonderful clocks at my house that you ever saw. My friends have a special invitation to call and see it (after dinner). It not only winds itself up, but it will wind up a poem in the most artistic manner; it will wind up a fess in quick time; wind up yarn and wind up a well-bucket with the greatest ease. It will look at its watch and tell you the time of day. It will tell you the time to take medicine, or another drink. It tells you what kind of a time you will have at an evening party. It will also add up four columns of figures in two minutes and a half, keeping its own time, carrying over tens to the verge of the extreme. It will wake you up or put you to sleep at any hour you may wish. It will keep your butcher's and your baker's account with great accuracy, and tell you when your quarter's rent is due, and how many months thereafter you expect to raise it. It not only keeps the room cool in summer, but it keeps the flies from the table when you are at dinner. It tells you when to look for bad weather and when to look for company; but it can't tell you when your company will leave—this is the only fault this clock has. It not only fronts the baby in cutting teeth and keeps it quiet, but it catches rats. The character of the clock is far above reproach, and it never took any back pay! Immediately subsequent to all meals this clock can be seen free of charge.

Yes, I would advise all persons to learn to swim. I saved me from drowning once, and I'll never forget it. I was in a skiff above the Niagara Falls last summer, and becoming absorbed in a subject which I thought would be a pretty good joke for the readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, I found that it wouldn't do at all, and that I was very near the brink of the fall. Yes, I saw I was good for the fall, but without any chance for a spring. It was no use trying to save myself. The current grew swifter, and I might as fast. You can pause a minute and try to imagine my feelings. Every good deed I ever did in my life rose up before me—I hadn't time for all the bad ones. The spectators on both shores were greatly excited, and threw their voices out to me, which I could not catch, or I might have saved myself. One moment on the awful verge I paused, and then down I plunged! Oh, think of it! When about half-way down I recollected I had early learned to swim. I gained courage and began to swim with the desperation of a man for whom they would sit a chair at the table when evening's home pleasures were rich and miss the regular absence of a good deal of beefsteak. I found that my descent was checked. I brought renewed exertions to bear, and, although I threw their voices out to me, which I gradually began to gain on it. It was a terrible swim, but, with arms going as fast as a musketeer's wing, I slowly approached the top, and just as I reached it my strength gave way and down I plunged into the seething abyss, and was never heard of more!



twenty feet in perpendicular depth, close to their feet. It was a singular sight, and rendered more so by the fact that the horse carried a double burden, and that the figure on the croup was a woman. In a moment more, a second horse, similarly loaded, followed; and the two passed slowly by the watchers, looming like ghosts in the uncertain light of the moon through the white fog.

Neither said a word, till the silent apparitions had passed from left to right, and then both, as if by a common impulse, stole off to the right, and followed the course of the phantom horsemen. They saw them slant across the river, and come to the bank a long way above, and just as they arrived there, Silas leveled his rifle, took a hasty aim and fired. It was at the moment the first horse stood on dry land.

The effect of the shot was immediate and wonderful. Both figures disappeared, as if the river had swallowed them up, and when the hunter and the officer reached the spot, they were swept by the current far below. In vain they searched. All that they found was a black lace mantilla, such as is worn by Mexican senoritas; and with this trophy the young General rode back to the fort, very thoughtful.

Mountain Silas was, on the contrary, jubilant. He had found the Blind Ford.

"To horse!" blew the trumpets of the—th cavalry, a few hours later; and toward dawn, as the long lines of warriors stood by their horses' heads, Colonel McDonald looked from the window of the officers' quarters on the array, and his brow was dark and troubled. In his hand was clutched the torn lace mantilla, picked up at the river-bank, which he had recognized in a moment. It had covered the white shoulders of Dona Pepita de Lunas, who, with her sister Carlotta, had attended the ball, the evening before. The General had more than half fallen in love with her; and now, to find her in league with ruffian border Indians, was too much for him. He had ascertained that both girls had returned to their father's ranch, some hours after his own arrival at the fort. His men were even then bringing them in, below. In a moment more, Pepita, the queenly, stood before him, proudly interrogating him with her dark eyes.

When they were alone, the young officer quietly held up the torn mantilla.

"Senorita," he said, "you know this. I

move the rooted malady that lurked in the blood and bones of the stale art count. Neither did the wise dames, who cured all mortal illnesses by means of simples culled "the moon's eclipse" do aught to ease the pain of the Breton lord.

Slowly, day by day, he wasted away, the deadly sickness eating even to the marrow of his bones.

The learned doctors, skillful leeches all, talked vaguely of poisons, administered by slow degrees, that killed not in a minute, nor in an hour, but in a month and a year.

Boldly to the count they told their suspicions, and he, while replying that he knew not a soul in the world who could wish to do him scath and harm, still took ample precautions. Neither bite nor sup did he take without the walls of his castle; and even there, although the domestics had grown gray in his service, a trusty knave tasted every dish and supped the wine sent to his lord's table.

Vain precautions; the count grew worse day by day. And then old gossips talked; strange tales they told of spells and charms brought from the Holy Land, by the pilgrims who had ventured there in days of yore, when the Cross and Crescent had met in battle's stern array.

Some unholy spell had sure been laid upon the Lord of Le Barth, and naught but the Church's might could work a cure.

And then the gray monks had come from St. Francis' holy shrine; in solemn prayer had they knelt, and the pealing chime and perfumed incense had risen on the air within the old stone walls.

But the efforts of monk and leech alike were vain; worse and worse grew the stout lord of Le Barth.

The red rays of the dying sun shone in through the oriel window, and played upon the oaken floor, close to the couch whereon reposed the ailing man. Though clad in winter garments, he shivered at the touch of the balmy spring winds.

By the side of the couch stood the next of kin to the stricken lord, a half-brother, Victor by name. No true descendant was he of the stout lords of the old Breton line, for he was short and slender, with the almond eyes of the East, and the swartly skin of the Moor, who held sovereign sway over our Savior's tomb in far-off Palestine.

Two wives had Le Barth the father wedded; one a Breton maid, with yellow hair and great

pounded after much study, and he is sure that it will aid thee. By morning I will return."

The advocate quitted the chamber, and the ailing lord was left to his own sad thoughts.

Ere many minutes his eyes half-shut, as a dreamy doze came over him.

Suddenly he felt the light pressure of a hand upon his shoulder, and unclosing his eyes in astonishment, he looked upon a stranger.

A little pale-faced man, clad in ink robes, his hair cut short and his face smoothly shaven.

"Good-day, my lord," said the stranger, in soft and measured tones: "you are sadly ill."

"Indeed I am," replied Adrien, with his usual Breton frankness; "but, pardon the question, who are you? Your face is familiar, but—"

"You do not remember me," said the stranger, finishing the sentence. "Let me recall a circumstance to your mind. This night, twenty-two years ago, three young officers, attached to the body-guard of Francis I., as the end of a night of pleasure sought a certain dwelling in the Rue Rivoli, there to learn what the future had in store for them."

"I know you now!" cried the count, suddenly: "you are Master Nostradamus, the Sorcerer!"

The little man shook his head reproachfully. "No, no sorcerer," he said, "simply one who in the stars reads the decrees of fate."

"And reads them truthfully, too!" exclaimed Adrien. "I remember now; de Savigny was slain by a lance-thrust at Pavia, and de Savigny was thrown from his horse and killed while hunting in the wood of Fontainebleau, just as you predicted."

"And your fate?"

"Strange! I can not remember that, except that a fatal danger was to threaten me before my forty-second birthday, and there, Master Nostradamus, you will be in error, for I live to hear the midnight bell chime the hour, that time will be past."

"Your birth minute comes on the last stroke of the twelve, and had I not hastened hither from Paris, that minute would have been your last," said Nostradamus, solemnly. "You are under a powerful spell; one fetched from the realms below by the magic of the East, and famed for mortal harm. For three months a wasting illness has preyed upon you."

"Yes, every now and then a sudden pain racked me even to the marrow of my bones."

"A week ago I knew not whether you lived or no; but examining my parchments by